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NATIONAL
EDUCATION WEEK
NOVEMBER 18-24



THE STYLES YOU WANT THIS FALL AND WINTER

The looser, easy hanging coats are smart; wider button spacing;
looser trousers; lower coat openings

Some like the coats with trimmer waist lines; they're stylish, too;
some with peaked lapels; others with square notches

The overcoats that are full skirted and easy hanging without belts
are popular Many belted models are being worn, too

You'll find only the newest and best in our clothes Your satis-
faction is guaranteed

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

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NOVEMBER 16, 1923

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South of the Rio Grande

By Herbert Corey

ONE of the smartest men I know is President Leguia of Peru. Every one admits that he is smart. People shoot at him from time to time on that account. Leguia hopes to make Peru a prosperous, busy, up-to-date state. He would modernize its people. He would rather see his mountaineers use trucks than llamas when they go out hauling. He said to me once:

"One day I hope there will be an American brass bed in every Indian hut."

Well, I thought—you know how it is—that the president of Peru was kidding. He had to explain his idea. The Peruvian Indian has been getting along for centuries without any wants to speak of. A goat or two and a few sheep and an industrious wife settles the clothing account. A clay cooking pot rarely wears out. The family sleeps on the floor. A little gardening will furnish the food. After the man of the house has bought his hat and knife he need only work for an occasional bottle of pisco, which is white mule run wild.

But sometimes—here and there—an Indian falls for the brass-bed lure. Or a phonograph. Once he yields to the demon of improvement he is never himself again. By and by there will be glass in the windows and a nickel-plated lamp on a shelf and maybe a nest of aluminum dishes. He's gone. Finished. Lo has become a wage slave.

"The more wants a people have," said Leguia, "the more prosperous they are. Because their needs compel them to work."

This applies to Mexico. After various unpleasant experi-



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A bakery—old style. We have many things that Mexico needs. In the first year of recognition we should be able to sell \$250,000,000 worth of goods to our southern neighbors



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The Plaza of the Constitution, Mexico City. The beautiful building at the left is the Cathedral, that at the right the National Palace

ences we have recognized Mexico again. When President Diaz was ousted, in 1911, Mexico was beginning to have wants on a large scale. For thirty-four years Diaz had been the absolute, autocratic boss of the country. Men who opposed him either died or ran away. Before him there had been a half century during which brigandage called itself civil war. In the intervals of so-called peace so-called patriots went right on robbing. The great ranches and the great mines maintained their own troops. The little fellow prayed.

Diaz put an end to all that. No doubt his methods were not all they might have been, but he worked with the tools at his command. He gave leagues of land and mountains of mines to the Cientificos, but they aided him to put down disorder. He might not have succeeded against their opposition. In his later years it may be that he no longer had the clear vision of his youth. Power has a strange way of warping men. The Cientificos had become tyrants in their states and cities. Elections were a bad jest. Political rights did not exist. Yet they had encouraged Mexico's wants. To some extent they supplied the needs.

RAILROADS had been built—so well built that after twelve years of raiding and burning and brigandage and destruction the roadbeds are still fairly good. The oil men had been permitted to tap Mexico's subterranean reservoirs. Gold and silver and lead miners spent millions in developing their properties. Prospectors were safe in the Mexican mountains. Irrigation schemes were put under way. Cities grew and prospered. New wants were developing on every hand, and new schemes for satisfying these wants were found. The future seemed rosy, for remember this—

Mexico—in spots—is one of the richest countries in the world. Not everywhere. There are places in Mexico

where you couldn't raise the arm of an electric crane. There are other places that are fatter than Strassburg geese.

Then the Madero revolution came as a protest against Cientifico tyranny. It is not for an American to say that it was not justified. The Middle Ages lived again in Mexico. Why, the Terrazas estate in Chihuahua covered a good share of the state, all given outright to Old Man Terrazas, or taken by him. The state officers were his. Buried in that estate were the homes of thousands—yes, thousands—of ignorant, peaceful, kindly Indians. The blanket charter of the Terrazas had changed their status. They had been free and they became slaves. Their little properties were absorbed. A rifle or a court settled any protest.

"One man," a friend told me, "whose property had been taken, protested to Terrazas. He spent seven years in jail. He was one of hundreds."

That was why Francisco Villa, who was assassinated a few months ago, became an outlaw. The Obregon government was unable to drive his bandit army from the field. No one claimed the reward of 100,000 pesos for his head. So he was bought off. His parents' home had been taken, his sister outraged, his mother whipped. Rodolfo Herrero, a brilliant young Mestizo, whose family had lived for generations in the Huasteca country, became a bandit in 1919. His cattle had been taken, his mother abused, his home burned. It was Herrero's pistol that ended Venustiano Carranza's career. With that General Alvaro Obregon came into his own.

This isn't a sketch of Mexico's political history. I have written it to make one thing clear. When Diaz was overthrown, Mexico was just beginning to feel her wants. First had come the national wants for schools and sanitation and railroads and peace. They had not been nearly satisfied, but something had been done. The personal, individual wants were on their way. The



Alvaro Obregon, president of Mexico, under whose leadership the republic has returned to quiet

Indian who had been contentedly barefoot was inspired to wear shoes. His village pal came back from the city with his toes luxuriously cramped in patent leathers. Cities began to insist that he wear pants when he came visiting. His wife considered a corset. Sewing machines, phonographs, brass beds, coal-oil lamps, tin dishes, everything—

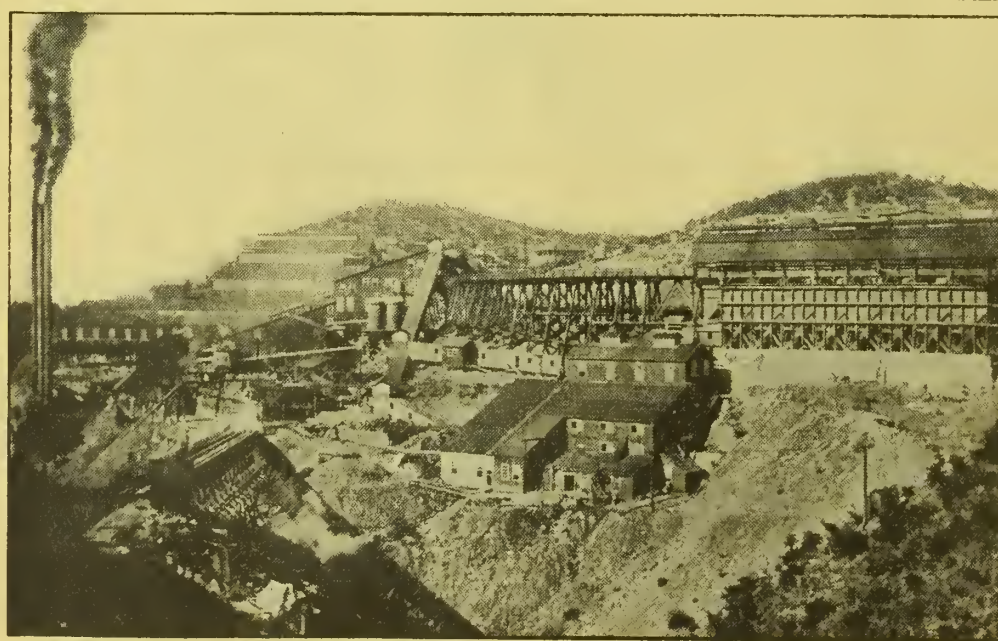
During the civil war which really ended with Carranza's death other wants intervened. Men wanted cartridges to kill other men with. During those days the game population of the Mexican mountains increased unbelievably, because no one would waste powder and shot on a mere deer.

Enough food was the prayer of most of Mexico's 15,000,000 people. Bandits ravaged the outskirts of the capital city itself. They held scores of other cities in pawn. Few dared travel in the country. Train holdups were of almost daily occurrence. Mexico slumped back, almost as far back as the beginning of Diaz's rule, when the country was in a ferment of armed disorder. With Obregon came peace—and the wants again.

"We should be able to sell Mexico \$250,000,000 worth of goods in the first year of recognition," a commercial authority has stated. "More later, perhaps, as her wants increase, for so will the number of her workdays and the sum of the money she has to spend."

I am enthusiastic about Mexico. It is one of the most picturesque countries in the world. At every turn one bumps

(Cont'd on page 19)



One of Mexico's many rich mines. This one, with its smelter, is in the state of Sonora, where there are rich copper deposits. The silver mines are found in the high central plateau, in whose heart lies the city of Mexico

Knifing American Shipping

By
Paxton Hibben

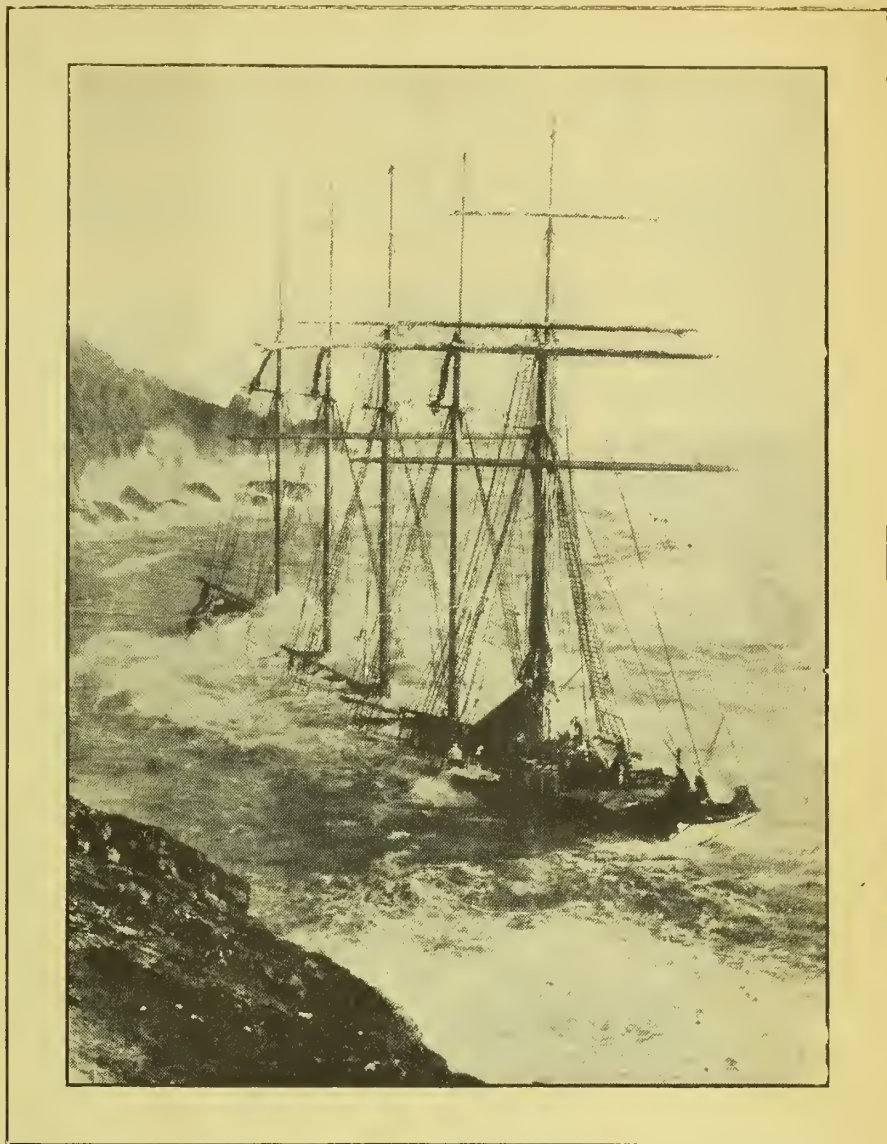
THERE always comes a time in a crap game when the man with the bones says: "Let 'er ride! Shootin' the works!" Then the less fortunate ones dig: each takes a little, according to the amount of cash he may happen to have, until the whole pile is covered.

That's the way marine insurance works.

For a ship represents a great deal more money in more readily losable form than anything else in the world except, maybe, a wallet carried in the hip pocket at the races. Nowadays a building that costs three-quarters of a million and upwards is constructed fire-proof to start with; the chances of losing it are, therefore, not great. But an average cargo ship costs at least that much to build, and there are more ways of losing it than losing a collar button. Wherefore, no one insurance company is eager to carry the whole risk—and this very natural hesitancy has led to the upbuilding of an institution that has become, in the two centuries of its existence, more widely known than any other business organization has ever been in the history of the world—Lloyd's.

Now the importance of Lloyd's to an American merchant marine no more appears on the surface than did the German second line of defense in the Meuse-Argonne — Cunel, Banthéville, Côte de Chatillon, St. Juvin, Bois des Loges, if you remember—that kept everybody awake at night from October 10th to the first of November, five years ago. Indeed, the marine insurance business is very much the same thing as that line of nasty machine gun nests. For if control of the seas is the second line of defense of our commercial rivals in the markets of the world—and, of course, it is—control of marine insurance is the second line of defense of those same commercial rivals, in holding their control of the seas. And this is the way it works:

You are a public spirited citizen with a bit of spare cash, and you say to yourself: "An American merchant marine is a darned good thing, and we ought to have one. I believe I'll put my money in ships." And you join with a lot of others who feel the same way, form a company, buy a ship and start out to conquer the world as did that ancestor of yours who lived on the New England seaboard a hundred years ago. You are fired with patriot-



Over sixty percent of Lloyd's business is marine insurance. When this fine old five-master grounded on the English coast some of the 1,200 underwriters who constitute the Society of Lloyd's probably paid for her

ism and determined that your shipping business is going to be American through and through—American-built ships, officered and manned by Americans only, and flying the stars and stripes. When everything is ready, you step down to Beaver Street to take out a little marine insurance. And there you get the shock of your life. For your underwriters will offer you combinations in which British companies form at the very least two-thirds, and probably more. And you will begin to realize that there are other things in the shipping game besides ships and men and capital and flags. You will learn that *from the moment you become a shipowner you are in the grip of Lloyd's*—and Lloyd's is not an American institution.

JUST what is Lloyd's? Well, it is the greatest gambling game on earth. Beside it Monte Carlo is mere penny ante. For through Lloyd's you can bet on anything in which you are pecuniarily interested—that it will rain for the World's Series, or that it won't; that clouds will obscure the sun when you

are trying to make photographs of an eclipse (as some astronomers recently did), or that they won't. Wherever you stand to lose money by any particular thing happening you can insure through Lloyd's against the loss you may suffer if what you are afraid of takes place. Over 60 percent of Lloyd's business, however, is marine insurance. And because in the association of 1,200 underwriters who constitute the Society of Lloyd's there are some of the boldest gamblers, as well as some of the most conservative business men in the world, Lloyd's influence is felt far more effectually on the high seas than even the British navy.

Any farmer who has ever had to borrow money to get his crop in, or any merchant who has had to discount his bills receivable before the date of maturity, understands the power that his bank has to make or break him. Well, the power of Lloyd's is not only greater, but subtler; for if the bank refuses to lend the farmer money or to discount the merchant's bills, they know whom they have to blame, and some day, possibly, they may be in a position to get even—a fact which the banker in most

communities has to bear in mind. But in marine insurance the responsibility is by no means so clear; and the utility of this in a matter of quiet discrimination against trade rivals is obvious. For when it comes, as it will, to a showdown between American merchant shipping and the shipping of a nation or group of nations controlling the marine insurance of the world, the American shipowner will never know what hit him. Nor is it the shipowner alone who will be hit—he is not, in the final analysis, the man that our commercial rivals are after. It is the American farmer, manufacturer, cotton planter and merchant who is the proposed victim of this little game, as old as hitting a man over the head with a club on a dark night. And here is what happens:

THE reason for such an organization as Lloyd's lies, naturally, in the unwillingness of an underwriter to put all of his eggs in one basket. Too many things can happen to a ship at sea, from earthquakes, like the recent one in Japanese waters, to ramming an iceberg or a sunken derelict. So, as in the crap game, a dozen or more different underwriters take parts of the insurance carried by a vessel like the *Leviathan*, in order that, if anything happens to her or her cargo, what they carry of the insurance on more fortunate ships will tide them over for what they lose on her; and as this business of splitting up policies among many companies has to be done quickly and with certain definite information immediately available, underwriters engaged in it form a "ring" for their own protection, all operating under certain definite rules. That is Lloyd's.

But there are so many risks in marine insurance that no underwriter really expects to come out ahead of the game by receiving more in premiums than he pays out in losses. If he comes out even he has done a good business, because his profit—like that of the banker—is in the use of the money that is paid him as premiums, and he is further secured by the fact that his market for loans is made up of the very shipowners and exporters of goods who pay him his premiums. In other words, the ship owners and exporters really finance the marine underwriter in the business of loaning back to them the money they furnish him, at a profit to him. All he does is spread it out in insurance risks as thin as possible, so as to avoid needless danger of heavy loss.

In this way, the marine underwriter is a banker, and has the power of a banker to make or break shipowner or

exporter; for neither one is doing business on unlimited capital. A cotton planter, for example, consigns \$20,000 worth of cotton to Liverpool. If he has to wait until it arrives and he receives his payment from the consignee before he can buy more cotton to sell abroad, his turnover in a year won't pay postage. What he does is to take his bill of lading and his insurance policy to the bank and borrow about \$18,000 on

they are the link between the exporter and his working capital.

For marine underwriters do not have to pay claims immediately—or anything like immediately. An accident happens to your ship, and she puts into the Azores. The master cables you that so much worth of repairs are required, and you rush around to the underwriters to get an advance on your insurance to cover the repairs—you are no bank, and you haven't that much cash available, yourself. Ordinarily, you will get it without question—at a stiff rate of interest, of course. But suppose there were a desperate struggle going on between our merchant marine and that of the nation to which the underwriters who had insured your ship belong, and that your ship was an important factor in this bitter rivalry for the ocean carrying trade—would they, who live by the prosperity of their own country's merchant marine, loan you money to fight them with?

THEY can with perfect right say to you and to the owners of the cargo your ship carried: "How do we know the damages you claim amount to what you say, or were without fault? We must have an investigation." And months pass, while you pay repairs and wages and upkeep and loss of business out of your own pocket—if you can; for no bank will lend you money on your ship unless your underwriters say it is o. k. Naturally, you can stand no such drain as that: you will be busted higher than a kite long before the papers and reports with which you can legally collect your insurance ever reach you, and your foreign competitors in the shipping business

will be rid of another dangerous rival, which is precisely the result that they want.

That is why, though we may have American ships and American sailors and American cargoes and American agents in foreign ports, they mean just exactly nothing at all if there are not also American marine underwriters in the business, big enough and in sufficient numbers to take care of all the American hulls and the cargoes they carry. The Merchant Marine Act of 1920 (which is the charter of the American merchant marine) foresaw this and provided for the exemption of marine underwriting from the provisions of the anti-trust law, thus legalizing such combinations as Lloyd's in the marine insurance business of the United States. Immediately there were formed three American syndicates which now do considerable underwriting

(Continued on page 22)



An interior view of Lloyd's of London, "the greatest gambling place on earth." The functionary in the robes is ringing a bell to announce that tidings of an overdue ship have been received. You can bet with Lloyd's on almost anything. The betting process, however, is called insuring

his shipment, which is secured, so far as the bank is concerned, by the fact that it is insured. Then with the \$18,000, he buys more cotton and repeats the process until pretty soon he has \$100,000 worth of cotton on the high seas, while he is still waiting for the money from his first shipment.

It is obvious at a glance that there is an element in this sort of transaction that does not enter in the ordinary selling game at home, namely, the insurance. If the banker knows that the marine underwriters are going to make no difficulties about paying claims in cases of loss, he makes the loan without question; but if he suspects that there are going to be delays in liquidating claims, or difficulties raised about them, he will loan nothing, and the American exporter or farmer or manufacturer can do only such business as his available capital will permit. The marine underwriters hold the power, because

A Personal Page by Frederick Palmer

The Things That Count

WE think of anniversaries in five and ten-year periods. There are two indelible anniversaries in this century—the beginning and the end of the war. The fifth anniversary of the end is past.

For four years the armies fired shells to destroy life and property. For five years the statesmen have been firing words. Their total must equal the number of shells. Some statesmen have proved to be very expert in using smoke screens. Others have been classified as duds. Others have been very eager to get to the front—the front page of the newspapers. But we realize better than ever how enormous was their task, and we credit them all with trying to do their best.

What has been accomplished in these five years toward recovery? How far has the wounded world become a well world?

All the time humanity has been working for its daily bread, food and shelter. It may have been working in ignorance, in prejudice and even in racial hate, but it was working. Its patient toil could repair the damage to property.

The dead sleep. They are past help. Our duty is to new lives which will grow up to be worthy to take their place.

The maimed live on. Our care is to make life for them as happy and as useful as possible. Artificial substitutes replace lost legs and arms and pieces of flesh. Cripples have been trained to occupations suited to their capacities.

So much for visible wounds. What of the invisible wounds—the wounds to that marvel of complexity, the mind? Their immediate result was shell-shock cases and mental derangement during the war. But results may not develop for years or tens of years, and then in a man whose body seems sound. In his diagnosis the psychiatrist is probing into the mystery of thought itself. There is no artificial substitute for the thing lost in such cases.

How significant the lines on the chart published with the article on "The Present Situation of the Disabled Veteran and the Outlook for his Future" in the *Weekly* of October 26th! Among the veterans in hospital there has been a decrease of general and surgical cases and an increase of neuro-psychiatric cases. How long will this increase continue? Not until we know this can we know the full cost of the war.

THAT war strain was like that on a man I know who shot a bull moose in Alaska. He followed the moose far from a station before he got him. The moose had enormous antlers. The man wanted them as a trophy. Stomach empty, strength already flagging, he set out to carry them back to the station. His head and shoulders seemed to be cracking. Visions haunted him. At times he sank from dizziness; but he rubbed his head with snow and struggled on through the drifts. He was not going to yield those antlers. The discipline of his will—which makes man stronger than the animals—prevailed.

He brought the antlers in; he won his war. He ate heartily, he slept well, he felt like his strong self again. But he had an invisible wound. Ten years later his doctor said to him: "You still have those antlers on your back and on your mind. You will always have them."

Europe still has the war on its back and on its mind. It is still suffering from new manifestations of neuroses due to the invisible wounds. Russia went plumb insane. She is trying to recover sanity under the ruthless dictatorship of Lenin and his Bolshevik group. Germany, as punishment for her debauch of Kaiserism, is struggling against madness under a set of dictators.

Britain and France are irritably peeved with each other.

After the war it seemed that Britain was the great winner and France the heaviest sufferer. Events have somewhat reversed the situation. Britain has a million and a half unemployed while France has only twelve hundred. Reparations are eighty percent complete in the devastated regions of France. Her army holds the Rhine and the Ruhr. A demoralized Germany is helpless against its organized power. The French Allies, Poland and Czechoslovakia, complete the iron ring around Germany. They are out of the growing pains of young nationhood and are beginning to prosper and find themselves.

For there is good as well as bad news from Europe, where, despite political neuroses, labor is having its reward in slow physical recovery. In Belgium ruined villages have been rebuilt, and also in Italy, which is under the hand of Mussolini. Indeed, though we were fighting five years ago to make the world "safe for democracy," dictatorial and group rule seems to be the fashion in Europe today.

For five years our country has debated and debated the League of Nations. The fact is that we are still out of it. But we have helped Europe more than Europeans and many Americans realize. Our aid has known no political or race distinctions. In the days of after-the-war misery we rationed Russians as well as Poles and Austrians; we kept millions of babies from starving in order that there might be healthy new lives to replace the soldier dead. When Europe could feed itself, then Europe could work. Out of all the conflict of our views about foreign affairs that was our real policy: the simple humanizing policy of our people.

RECENTLY Britain asked us to join a parley on German reparations. Germany is not paying. Britain says that she cannot; France that she can. She will not be able to pay while she engages in political ferment and rioting. We were willing to join if France, Belgium and Italy were agreeable. They were within limitations. We shall help in settling this vexed problem just as far as the limitations permit.

With the French army master of the situation, the time seems far distant when we shall have to send another army to Europe. The Atlantic and Pacific Oceans guard our shores. We are fortunately placed to work out our own destiny. Whatever we do for Europe will be volunteer and not drafted aid. We shall be thinking of the good of the world, of the whole and not of any intriguing part, however appealing the voices of any group of foreign propaganda. The more neuroses other peoples suffer the clearer is our duty to remain sane ourselves.

After the war the Legion stood as a phalanx against foreign ideas of a Bolshevistic brand as it now stands against the desire of capital for the unlimited importation of immigrant labor.

The blood test of war Americanized the foreign-born in our ranks. Future Americanization must come in the slower processes of the melting pot of peace. The foreign born who are already here must remain; but we can carefully choose and restrict the number of future arrivals. If we have to go to war again we want their Americanization complete when they go to the training camps.

It is Europe's own business if she turns to dictatorial and group rule. Our business is to preserve our democracy, though all the world turn to autocracy. We want none of the strong man stuff in our country. When any man thinks, or his followers think, that he is indispensable to any public office it is time to reduce him to the ranks; for we have not such a poverty of talent that there will be wanting many as able men as this swelled head from which to choose his successor.

EDITORIAL

Thinking Ahead for the Schools

THE official action of The American Legion in sponsoring American Education Week has been acclaimed by educators as a peace-time service of the first importance. Our public school system has been well called America's greatest contribution to civilization. But the nation's need for better schools and more schools is all too painfully evident from the amount of illiteracy disclosed by the draft and by Federal census figures. The responsibility is one which all citizens must share, for every American community will get the kind of schools which its voters really want.

When this issue of the Weekly reaches our readers, plans for local observance of the Week—November 18th to 24th—will have been completed in most communities. Much is to be hoped from arousing nation wide attention to the immediate needs of the schools. But unless thought is given to future needs as well, the full possibilities of American Education Week will not have been realized.

The foolish, but common, practice of waiting until our schools are overcrowded before planning for new or enlarged buildings must be made a thing of the past. The seriousness of the present condition is evident from figures recently compiled by *Collier's*. A questionnaire was sent to the superintendents of schools in all cities of over 5,000 population (1,467 cities). Approximately 1,000 replied; of these 261 reported at the beginning of the fall term of 1923 a shortage of 345,153 school seats. Since a shortage of one seat means that two children must share a single seat, each attending part time, not less than 690,306 school children in cities of over 5,000 population are now being educated on a part-time basis. The number is doubtless considerably larger than this, since only about two-thirds of the cities of this size reported.

Several factors have contributed to the overcrowded conditions of the schools. The normal growth in population must always be reckoned with, but in many cities industrial expansion and the tendency for the rural population to move to the urban centers have brought abnormal growth in recent years. The war is also credited with very significant increases in the demand for education. But lack of proper school accommodations is more generally due to failure properly to plan ahead than to any abnormal demand which could not be foreseen.

In certain cities and towns, on the other hand, boards of education have come to realize the importance of the scientific planning of school building programs to meet present and future needs. Several of them have enlisted the aid of Professors George D. Strayer and N. L. Engelhardt, of Teachers' College, Columbia University, under whose direction local surveys have been conducted. In an article prepared for *The American City Magazine*, Dr. Engelhardt outlines six standards for consideration in the planning of school building programs, as follows:

1. Large school buildings housing a minimum of 1,000 to 1,200 pupils should be considered as the desirable parts of a future school plant.
2. All school buildings should be planned in terms of units which permit of sufficient construction to meet immediate needs and supplementary construction as needs require.
3. School buildings should be so located that there will be no overlapping among the districts served. This requires the acceptance of definite travel distances for children of the various school periods; one-half mile for the elementary school, one mile for the junior high schools and one and a half or more for the senior high schools.
4. A large school building with a large enrollment requires a large site. Elementary schools should have sites of four to five acres, junior high schools sites of six to ten acres, and senior high school sites of ten acres and above.
5. School building planning must anticipate population needs and should consider every element of adult and child population growth.
6. All school building development should be in terms of a zoning plan for the city which takes into consideration the

residential areas, park development, street development and industrial development.

Planning and action of this sort will not only enable a growing city to provide school accommodations for all of its children, but will save large sums of money as compared with equivalent accommodations under a haphazard program. A smaller number of school buildings, carefully planned and properly placed, may meet the educational needs of a city more adequately and at smaller cost than a larger number of buildings erected merely to meet emergencies as they arise.

But a far-sighted school program is not merely a city or town problem; it is a village and rural problem as well. In many rural sections the best service that can be rendered to the cause of public education is to urge the substitution of consolidated or graded schools for the obsolete one-room schools. In emphasizing the fact that the one-room school is not merely ineffective in instruction but costly in operation, the National Education Association estimates thirty-six pupils per teacher in the graded schools as compared with an average enrollment per teacher in the one-room schools of less than twenty. In a graded school thirty-six pupils can more effectively be taught than twenty in a one-room school. Yet the cost of a year's schooling is estimated at an average of \$80 in the one-room school as compared with only \$44 in a graded school. Nearly 200,000 one-room schools still exist in the United States. This means that almost 4,000,000 of the nation's 23,000,000 children are still being instructed in this relic of a by-gone age, and that this inadequate instruction is costing millions of dollars each year in excess of what a thoroughly modernized system would require.

An educated nation is pretty apt to be a happy nation. Every person in America who has the welfare of his country truly at heart should do all that lies within his power to improve the educational facilities in his vicinity. We should not permit our schools to suffer through lack of adequate support—moral or financial.

Autumn's Innings

THEY call baseball the great American sport, and they may be right. But it would be difficult to convince the average football enthusiast that they are right. The man who would gladly go without food for a day or so to be able to see a Michigan-Chicago game, or a battle royal between California and Stanford, or Princeton and Harvard, or Syracuse and Pittsburgh, or Army and Notre Dame, or Vanderbilt and Georgia Tech—that man knows that under God's blue sky there is no other sport that is half so thrilling and so soul-satisfying.

The 1923 football season will soon be a thing of the past. In a few days, with the exception of a handful of players who will figure in a scattering of post-season games, the stars and the would-be stars and the scrubs and the coaches will turn to other and less strenuous pursuits. Presently the experts and the would-be experts will be busying themselves choosing their All-America elevens—and how their selections will differ!

On the whole it has been a brilliant season. There has been an unusual amount of forward passing; and because the modern coach is a wise man, the open game has been used as never before. Many small-college teams have proved to be Jack the Giant Killers and have laid low adversaries from institutions boasting enormous registration figures. And every Saturday afternoon attendance records have been smashed wherever football is played—and that means everywhere.

Yes, it's been a great season. May 1924 prove even better.

"FOR THE DISABLED, EVERYTHING—FOR THE ABLEBODIED, NOTHING"

To the EX-SERVICE MEN'S ANTI-BONUS LEAGUE,
19 West 44th St., New York City.

Date, 1923

Without obligating myself in any way I wish to state that I served in the World War and that as a matter of principle, patriotism and good citizenship I **AM IN FAVOR OF THE MOST GENEROUS CARE AND COMPENSATION FOR EVERY DISABLED VETERAN OF THE WORLD WAR BUT I AM NOT IN FAVOR OF A FEDERAL BONUS FOR ABLE-BODIED EX-SERVICE MEN.**

My war service was with
My grade or rank was
My full name is
My address is
City

A lop-sided ballot. The "Ex-Service Men's Anti-Bonus League" is sending out six million cards like this one (a rather expensive mailing job, but plenty of funds are available). You, Mr. Veteran, may be for the "bonus"—do you see any chance to express your preference on this card?

Big Business Trains Its Guns on Adjusted Compensation

By Marquis James

CALVIN COOLIDGE had been President just seventeen days and the White House was in mourning when Mr. Julius H. Barnes called there and was ushered into the handsome circular chamber in the executive wing in which the President receives official visitors. Mr. Barnes was not alone. As president of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States he headed a company of gentlemen who are able to speak for some of the richest and most powerful business interests in this country. It was an impressive delegation that waited on the new President.

Now what, pray, might have been the errand that brought these distinguished, wealthy and influential gentlemen to Washington and to the White House at this particular time? While he had been officially in office seventeen days, for practical purposes President Coolidge had been at his new duties only a week. He had just begun to formulate the policies which were to mark his administration. Our callers, then, arrived at a significant juncture. Naturally, the question arises, what might their mission be?

Well, it might have been any one of a number of things, but this is what it was:

Mr. Barnes and his colleagues called to tell the President of the United States that big business wants him to veto The American Legion's Adjusted Compensation Bill.

That is putting it plainly, of course, but that and nothing else is the sum and substance of the message the authorized spokesmen of big business delivered to the President on the subject of adjusted compensation. And the President is the man who can do more than any other to assist or retard the enactment of that legislation. When the bill is passed by the Senate and the House of Representatives it will come to the President for his rejection or approval.

A few weeks ago I wrote in these columns that the House and Senate

would pass the bill—the House by a vote of eight to one, the Senate by a majority of about forty out of a total of ninety-six votes. In fact, I said more than that. I said the bill would become a law during the next session of Congress, which convenes on December 6th. That means that should President Coolidge follow the wishes of Mr. Barnes and his associates and veto the bill Congress will repass it over that veto. This came near happening last year when Mr. Harding vetoed the bill. The House repassed it by a vote of 248 to 54 and the Senate by 44 to 28. Four votes were lacking in the Senate to make up the two-thirds majority which is necessary to nullify a Presidential veto.

Enough Votes to Override a Veto

THIS year the adjusted compensation cause has sufficient supporters in the Senate to override a Presidential veto in an out-and-out fight on a bill such as the Legion heretofore has sponsored. The Legion hopes, of course, that things will not come to this pass. It hopes that the President will sign the bill as he signed a similar measure when he was governor of Massachusetts. But at all odds, a fight for adjusted compensation waged on its merits is bound to win, and to win during the next session of Congress.

Such a fight will win because the American people have delivered to their national legislators a plain mandate on the subject. The Legislatures of twenty-three States have called upon Congress to enact such legislation. No one can successfully contend that the majority of all the people of the United States do not want this debt to the veterans paid. This is not a sudden whim. They have wanted it paid for a long time, and expect that it shall be paid before the next Congress adjourns.

The opposition knows this as well as it knows anything, and is desperately

hard pressed for something to do to prevent a fight on the merits of the adjusted compensation issue. It is not averse to the use of trickery and deceit to accomplish this, as will appear. Neither is it averse to raising a little jackpot of \$125,000 to achieve a single angle of its purpose. The big game of the opposition this time will be to fog up the issue with extraneous questions of revenue raising, taxation, pensions, and care of the disabled and to quibble, beat about the bush, and delay, all in an effort to obscure the real issue—that of paying a debt which is acknowledged and long overdue.

Delay—that is the main thing the opposition is after now. Delay, so they can get their breath. "Delay above all things is what we want." These are the earnest words of one of the aspiring Napoleons of the opposition used in a very confidential memorandum—a memorandum so confidential that when it accidentally got into the newspapers there was consternation in the adversaries' ranks indeed. But we shall get to that later.

I was speaking a moment ago of the visit to the White House of Mr. Julius Barnes and his associates. The Chamber of Commerce of the United States, of which Mr. Barnes is president, heretofore has had the heavy rôle in big business' expensive all-star annual production of "They Might Have Been Heroes Once, but They're Treasury Raiders Now." The dress rehearsals of the 1923-24 version of this captivating spectacle are now going on, and, as before, Mr. Barnes's organization heads the accomplished cast. But it is a long and varied entertainment, and who do you suppose we find right up next to the star on the program? None other than Our Nell.

Surely you remember Our Nell—who takes the part of the sweet, simple country maiden with a heart of pure gold, a cigarette case of the same, a diamond necklace and a Rolls-Royce. She portrays the True Ideals of the World War veteran who doesn't want

this wicked "bonus" which the unprincipled American Legion is trying to force on the country so as to wreck the Treasury and brand the alabaster brow of Patriotism with the dollar sign. I knew you hadn't forgotten Nellie. Well, this year her stage name is the Ex-Service Men's Anti-Bonus League.

In times past it has been a modest rôle that Our Nell has graced. Though most liberally endowed indeed by the wealthy interests who have had the anti-compensation show in charge, somehow Nell has never had much of a chance at the spotlight. It is not difficult to understand why. Any pretence that, as the League now makes bold to claim, a majority of ex-service men are opposed to adjusted compensation is so obviously false, so patently bunk and hokum, that the intelligent managers of the show hesitated to attempt to inflict such a frost on a discerning public. So Nell, though kept on the payroll, was also kept in the background; every year we had our "veterans'" organization of some sort, proclaiming to represent a "majority" of ex-service men who were against compensation, but this detail did not figure prominently in the open fights against the Legion's program.

Our Nell to the Footlights

BIG business, which was running the show, has been chary of the risks such a nature fake obviously would entail. It thought it could go out in a fair fight, Big Business versus The American Legion, and gain the decision. But it failed, and it realizes that failure. So our Nell has come into her own. From an obscure place in the chorus she steps forward as a prima donna of the piece, and big business has O. K. ed a slush fund of \$125,000 and as much more as it can get in honor of the promotion. A confidential appeal for contributions to help Our Nell do her stuff is going the rounds of the well-heeled interests who finance the opposition. In it these lines appear:

Up to the present time such organized opposition to the bonus as has been presented has emanated from the strongest commercial and economic groups of the nation. The failure of such opposition is evidenced in the pledged Congressional support the measure now has and is conclusive evidence that if successful opposition is to be found it must come from the same interested source whence comes its support—from ex-service men. . . .

Ten thousand dollars per month for one year will be required to adequately finance this program. Funds secured beyond this amount will be devoted to national publicity and the expansion of our field staff. Public spirited citizens who are in sympathy with our efforts are asked to aid in the work by making liberal contributions to our treasury.

This is the appeal for funds for the Ex-Service Men's Anti-Bonus League. It has the written indorsement of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, which in its letter also admits the failure of big business to beat adjusted compensation on its merits, and pleads the necessity of trying to make it appear that it is the veterans who do not want the measure.

It is pretty important to such veterans as will not share in this \$10,000 a month money shower that this fake does not get across. Ten thousand dol-

lars a month will make a big splurge. It is about ten times as much as The American Legion has to spend on legislation, because the Legion has no Wall Street angel. A lot of high priced publicity men can be hired and a lot of propaganda bought and paid for with \$10,000 a month. But so long as the Congress and the public knows where the money is coming from the effort will be in vain. Big business admits its failure in an open fight. Its failure in a deceitful contest will be all the more ignominious and overwhelming when the public and the Congress know the facts—and it is the business of every American Legion post to see that they do know them.

Ready to Spend Money

SUCH is the rôle of Our Nell. Just now efforts are being bent toward filling the till. The Ex-Service Men's Anti-Bonus League proclaims on its letterhead that for the able-bodied veteran "to seek a reward for patriotic service is an act repugnant to the ideals of American citizenship," but for some singular reason the able-bodied veterans on the payroll of the League are not working for nothing. The jack must roll in or they don't perform, that's all. Can it be that their labors, therefore, are not undertaken in a spirit of true patriotism? Anyhow, this is the way the situation appeared to a New York newspaperman who knows something of the inside of what's going on. He said to me:

"There is this about the coming bonus fight. The opposition is going to spend more money than you people are. They seem to take the practical view that one way to assure success is to make it more profitable for a fellow to be against the bonus than to be for it."

In an effort to raise the \$125,000 slush fund the League is sending out thousands of begging letters and in New York City is employing solicitors on a commission basis. These solicitors are carefully drilled and rehearsed for their tasks. They are furnished with an impressive portfolio of literature with which to influence the unsuspecting prospect—and "loosen the so-far reluctant purse-strings," as one of their officers declared. Document No. 1 in the collection is merely a note of introduction. It is addressed to "Citizens Opposed to the Soldiers' Bonus" and reads:

You are earnestly requested to grant our representative a very brief personal interview that he may lay before you certain facts of immediate and vital importance concerning the bonus situation.

The confidential list he will show you of the prominent men supporting us will be ample warrant for the moment or two he will take.

Assuming that the business man's curiosity is sufficiently excited and Our Nell's agent is admitted, what follows may best be gathered by a perusal of Document No. 2, which tells the agent what to do in the presence of the prospect. It follows:

(Canvass to be studied and committed to memory)

Mr. Blank, we are ex-service men who are opposed to any bonus or adjusted compensation for able-bodied veterans. We believe it is fundamentally wrong in principle and will be vicious in effect, and are building a national organization to defeat

the bill The American Legion is trying to force through the next Congress. The United States Chamber of Commerce has determined by careful investigation that there are thousands of ex-service men all over the country who as individuals and in small groups have declared themselves against the bonus, and our League has been formed to organize these men into one great body and have it effectively functioning by the time Congress convenes next December, to support the Chamber and the Senators who are leading the anti-bonus fight.

Senators and Representatives leading the fight against the bonus say that such an organization is vital to success—lack of such veteran support has been their greatest handicap.

(Here show the facsimile signatures and say—)

These are the men at the head of our organization.

(Let him read)

Our administrative and advisory boards have carefully gone over our requirements and find that the minimum amount necessary to get our League functioning on a national scale by December 1st and keep it actively engaged in the fight through the next session of Congress will be \$125,000.00.

Our membership can and will supply a part of this money, but unfortunately is not able to carry the whole load, so we are asking every interested citizen to contribute \$10.00 toward the necessary expense. In this way we are distributing the burden over the entire business interests of the nation, so that it will not be a hardship on anyone, and I am here to ask you for \$10.00. Ten dollars is a mighty small amount to beat the bonus.

(If he fails to come in, then say—)

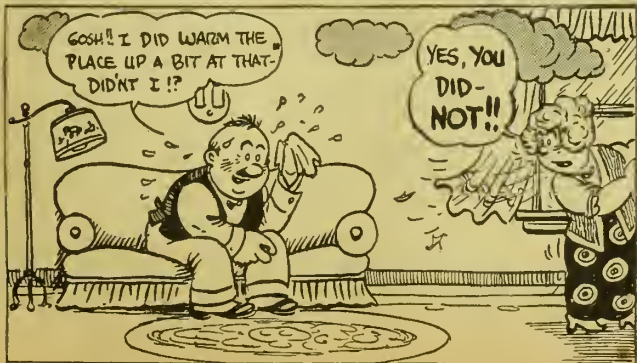
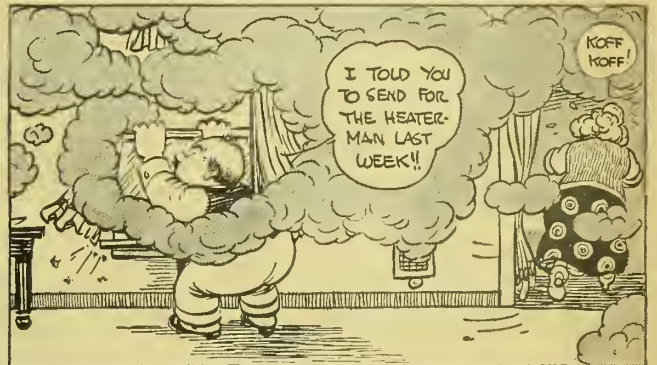
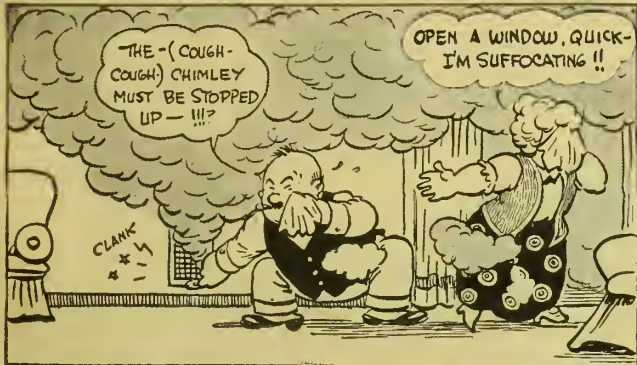
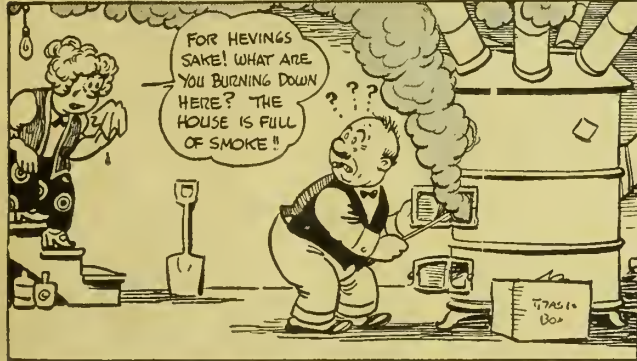
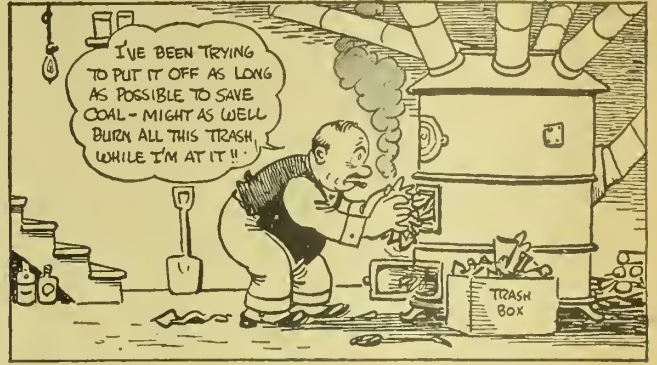
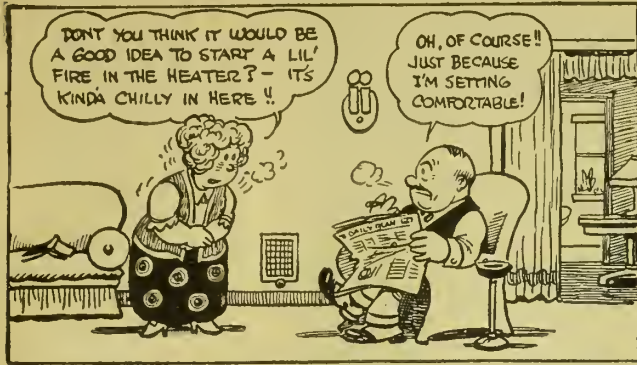
Do you realize, Mr. Blank, what the compensation to disabled veterans alone will amount to in the next twenty-five years? It has been estimated by competent authority that this government will pay out in the next twenty-five years over \$4,000,000,000.00 to its disabled veterans alone. A staggering sum, but necessary, and we heartily agree that these men should have every possible care and consideration. But add to this the billions that you will be called upon to pay if the adjusted compensation or bonus bill for able-bodied goes through. This is merely an opening wedge for pension raids on the Treasury, estimated to reach the staggering sum of \$128,000,000,000.00 by 1973, or fifty years hence. This will mean a heavy load added to the already overburdened taxpayer, and I thought every business man for his own protection, if for nothing else, would surely be willing to do his little bit to help it.

The "Confidential List"

SO much for the spiel the League's commission agents are intrusted to commit to memory and declaim. Now for the "confidential list" of "prominent men," the "facsimile signatures" the agent is to "show and say: 'These are the men at the head of our great organization.'" It contains a brief statement approving the \$125,000 fund sought for and begging for contributions. It is signed by the members of the League's "advisory board," which numbers the following residents of New York City—all wealthy and all identified with big business: Brig. Gen. Avery D. Andrews, Brig. Gen. Henry L. Stimson, Brig. Gen. William Barclay Parsons, Brig. Gen. Milton F. Davis, (Continued on page 24)

Why Apartments Are Popular

By Wallgren





Traer, Iowa, recently observed its fiftieth anniversary. Among the birthday presents which the town received was this thousand-dollar memorial gateway, the gift of the local Legion post and its Auxiliary unit. No money was received from outsiders, and no individual gift exceeded five dollars.

Four Iowa Posts Do Their Bit for Their Home Towns

AFTER raising \$5,500 to buy a park and give it to the town, Leo R. Farmer Post of Sigourney, Iowa, is now building walks, installing benches, swings and piping and making the park generally a most inviting place. More than a year was required for the post to get the money needed for the purchase which gave Sigourney the first public park the town had ever had. A \$50,000 memorial community building, dedicated to the veterans of the nation's wars, in which patriotic organizations have permanent clubrooms, was opened in Sigourney last spring. The money was raised by a bond issue authorized at the last general election.

At Traer, Iowa, the Legion recently presented the town with a huge arch gateway to a public park at a cost of approximately \$1,000. The gateway was a birthday gift on Traer's fiftieth anniversary. It was dedicated to the memory of Traer's seven sons who died in the World War and was given as a mark of appreciation of the support the community has accorded the post. The funds were raised entirely from Legionnaires with the exception of \$100 from the Auxiliary unit. No donations were received from others and no individual donation exceeded \$5.

"If you will sell 600 season tickets for a municipal swimming pool, we will build one in The American Legion park," the Red Oak (Iowa) city park board told Lorraine Post of that place. Two months later the pool was built at a cost of \$7,000. Legionnaires sold more than \$2,000 worth of tickets in less than a week. The pool is 120 by 130 feet and has a capacity of 550,000 gallons of water. The bathhouse has fifty booths for men and twenty-five for women. Red Oak, with a population of 6,000, is far inland, and until the swimming pool was opened the residents had never had a suitable place for swimming near home.

When a one mill special tax levy that would raise \$10,000 to erect a memorial building at Pella was voted and collected in Marion County, Iowa, a friendly suit was instituted to determine whether or not it would be legal to turn over the money to the Gold Star Post of the Legion. The Legion won. The county board of supervisors and the Legion then appointed a board of trustees who bought the old building the

Legion occupied with the understanding the money would be used by the Legion to remodel and enlarge the structure so that it would serve both as a Legion home and a hall for the community, thus performing a double function.

Illinois Post's Home Is a Self-Supporting Proposition

WHEN Kewanee (Illinois) Post began to think seriously about a clubhouse it started off with ecstatic visions of a hun-

dred thousand dollar community building. Then cold-blooded business men pointed out the high cost of upkeep for such a gorgeous structure, and the vision faded. The post, in its search for suitable headquarters, considered leased clubrooms, the purchase of a former lodge building, and various other proposals.

Finally the building committee came to the conclusion that the best bet would be a business block which would provide income enough to cover the upkeep. After considering the possibility of building, and



Home of Kewanee (Illinois) Post—it pays for itself

after looking over the market, the post eventually secured a three-story brick building with stores on the street floor, offices on the second, and a large auditorium on the third. The price was \$45,000.

A big campaign for funds, supported by local business men and carried through to a house-to-house canvass of the entire city and the suburbs, resulted in the raising of over \$25,000. The net income from rentals in the building amounts to \$2,000 a year, which will take care of the mortgage and overhead.

As the result of the acquisition of permanent headquarters, the membership of the post is the largest in its history. Three of the rooms on the second floor of the building are used by the post for office, card room, and lounge room.

School Contests Attest Legion's Interest in Education

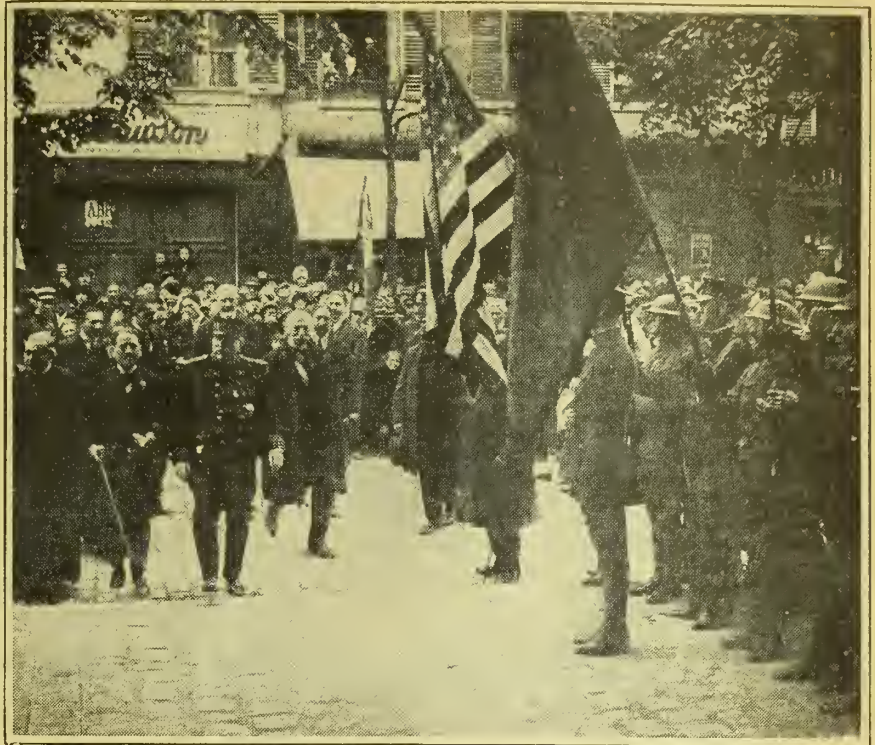
THE Legion's program of Americanization, in which the welfare and education of children is a most important feature, is not merely the gesture of adopting high-sounding resolutions at annual conventions or of originating and sponsoring a National Education Week.

Educational activities extend from the national organization down through the smallest posts. Beginning in one of the local posts, Legion department headquarters in Pennsylvania developed the school medal award idea, and in 1921 the department Americanization committee drew up a program which was adopted that year by the department convention. Under this plan each year in more than 200 public and private schools of the State a boy achieves the distinction of receiving the School Award of The American Legion—a bronze medal. The 1921 convention in Pennsylvania instructed all posts to make arrangements with the school authorities for the conferring of the awards, and with the hearty co-operation of the school authorities these awards are being given to the boy in each school with the highest standing in honor, service, courage, leadership, knowledge and scholarship. So highly is this honor regarded among the school-boys in Philadelphia that the winners of the medal have organized an association.

Wyoming (Iowa) Legion post each year awards two loving cups, one to the boy and the other to the girl in the Wyoming High School graduating class who stands highest in tests comprising scholarship, character, leadership, literary ability and athletic ability.

In addition to the annual essay contest conducted by the national organization of the Legion, in which scholarships totaling \$1,750 are awarded, many posts are conducting local contests along the same lines. In Auburn, New York, W. Mynderse Rice Post aroused school enthusiasm by holding an essay contest on the subject, "Our Greatest American," offering as prizes framed portraits of Theodore Roosevelt with the stipulation that these were to be hung in the schoolrooms which produced the winners of the two highest honors. The first year the prizes were offered the prize essays were on Lincoln and Washington. The essay contest is a yearly feature of the post's Americanization program.

The showing of the motion picture, "The Man Without a Country," by posts which obtained it from the Legion's National Film Service in Indianapolis has been the means of conveying a great lesson in patriotism to the children of hundreds of communities. In most places where the picture has been shown special matinees



Marshal Joffre and Charles Bertrand, president of the FIDAC, passing before the color guard of Paris Post at a French veterans' reunion held at Choisy-le-Roi, near Paris. Choisy-le-Roi was the home of Rouget de Lisle, author of the "Marseillaise"

with reduced admission for school children have been given. In connection with the showing of the film a great number of Legion posts, including those in Fond du Lac, Wisconsin; Indianapolis; Lidgerwood, North Dakota, and Key West, Florida, have conducted essay contests. In most of the contests the general topic of Americanism was the subject and prizes were offered to the winners.

School children in Portland, Maine, were given the choice of the subjects, "The Most Useful American" or "The Ten Greatest Americans" in competing in an essay contest conducted by the Harold T. Andrews Post of that city. Silver and bronze medals were awarded.

Paris Post's Color Guard Tells Europe Our Flag Is Still There

THE last outpost of the old A. E. F. in Europe still carries on. Although the Stars and Stripes long ago came home from the Rhine, side by side the American flag and the banner of The American Legion still fly in France and Belgium whenever the days of 1918 are recalled by an occasion which attracts the eyes of the world.

Paris Post of the Legion holds high the flag and banner which notify our Allies that America is still standing by, its friendship still strong, its hopes and confidence unaltered, firm in the comradeship which blood has bound. In the last six months the color guard of Paris Post has represented the Legion at dozens of events throughout Europe. It has traveled more than 3,000 miles to unfurl its flag and banner on these occasions. It has held a place of honor at reunions of French and Belgian veterans' societies. It has assisted in the dedication of battlefield monuments, at religious ceremonies and burial services for dead veterans. It has stood first at Memorial Day and Fourth of July ceremonies. Three thousand miles have the khaki-clad

bearers of the flag and banner traveled, and at each stop the wearied and fearful ranks of our European friends have been heartened by the unfurled expression of American support.

At the annual reunion of the French veterans at Vichy, the American color-guard marched first in the parade, cheered by delegations of all the veterans' societies in France. At Chaumont, on June 3d, when President Poincaré unveiled a monument commemorating America's part in the war, a hundred thousand Frenchmen assembled, coming from all the old towns and villages which were the billeting places of the A. E. F. As Paris Post's color guard marched through the streets of Chaumont the poilus and the aged folk and the garcons of wartime days cheered in an ecstasy of emotion. "The Americans are still here!" they cried, as they tossed flowers toward the helmeted carriers of the Stars and Stripes and the blue and gold banner of the Legion. Never since the days when General Pershing himself participated in the daily life of his headquarters city had Chaumont seen such a demonstration.

It is Paris Post's color guard, also, which expresses America's final honors when death invades the ranks of the post or overtakes an American service man traveling in France. Dying thus in a foreign land, the American receives from his own buddies the honors due a dead soldier.

OUTFIT REUNIONS

Co. L, 305TH INF.—Third annual reunion dinner, Mouquin's, 454 Sixth av., New York City, Dec. 1, 7 p.m. Address George Bohlen, 99 Water st., New York City.

Hq. Co., 309TH INF., 78TH DIV.—All former members interested in proposed reunion in Buffalo, N. Y., are requested to write Ray Endress, 66 Dudley av., Hamburg, N. Y.

Announcements for this column must be received three weeks in advance of the events with which they are concerned.



Then and Now

By the Company Clerk



IT wasn't the strenuous and often mis-spent efforts of the paid song leaders in camps that made of ours a singing army—it was the spontaneous outpouring of "Madelon," "My Little Girl," or some other ditty with a march tempo from some member of the thirteenth squad that swept down an entire regimental column, just as likely as not while the last long mile was being clipped off after a hard day's hike. Impromptu singfests in barracks, in rest camps and even in front-line dugouts were the unofficial order of the day. Full-fledged musical comedies of soldier origin after the Armistice testified further to the musical inclination of the Yanks. For this reason the Company Clerk recognizes the request of Charles W. George, formerly with the 17th Field Artillery, Second Division, and now billeted in Hammond, Indiana. Here is his letter:

IAM wondering if the Company Clerk could help me in securing the words to some of the old army songs that we used to sing. A few of them are "While the Caissons Are Rolling Along," "I Don't Want to Hike Like the Infantry," and also a few more verses of "Hinky Dinky Parlez Vous." As I was with the Second Division I remember a few Marine songs of which I recall the tunes but not the words.

ALL together now, veteran song writers and masters of parodies. Suppose we get together in these columns and line up some of the song hits of war days—general songs, parodies, divisional and unit ditties. Only one additional request—go easy on the "Hinky Dinky" verses—remember this magazine has to go through the mails.

WERE mighty proud of the prompt and splendid response of the Then-and-Now-ers to the requests for information from relatives of deceased buddies and of men reported missing in action. Details of the death of Corporal Hiram Middleton, Company B, 18th Infantry, First Division, were requested in the October 19th issue, and Newman H. Bellis, now of Wausau, Wisconsin, immediately came forward with the following report, which we know Middleton's relatives will be glad to read:

WHILE reading your Then and Now column I came across a paragraph in which information is asked concerning Corporal Hiram Middleton of B Company, 18th Infantry.

He was a member of the fourth platoon, of which I had command. I saw Middleton killed. Believe it was a machine-gun bullet, as his death was instantaneous. He was shot on the morning of July 19th at about six thirty. We had advanced from the village of Chaudun by rushes to a rising slope in front of the Chazelle Ravine. The Boche fire was very intense and they seemed to have the range, and our casualties were very heavy. Shortly after Middleton's death I was forced to go to a dressing station and I had heard nothing more of him until your request appeared.

I might add that Corporal Middleton was a fine soldier and a wonderful non-commissioned officer. I thought a great deal of him as I got to know him very well, having attended gas

school at the same time he did. I know that he died as his people would have had him die—a brave soldier and a good American.

EDWARD J. QUINN of Allentown, Pennsylvania, told here recently of assisting to bury the body of a comrade who by a coincidence bore the same surname. This occurred on October 7, 1918, just east of Rheims in the Champagne sector. Edward J. Quinn was interested in determining the identity of the other Quinn in order that the deceased's parents might know the details of their son's death. D. J. Ryan, Director of the Bureau of Historical Records, National Catholic Welfare Council, Washington, read this story and makes a report which appears to establish the identity:

THERE is a record of Joseph F. Quinn, 43d Company, Fifth Regiment, U.S.M.C., who died of wounds October 4, 1918. This Marine's home address was 240 South Forty-fourth street, Philadelphia. According to information at hand he was at one time buried in Grave 67, Section 95, Plot 2, Meuse-Argonne Cemetery, but his body was to be returned to the United States. As Joseph F. was the only Marine of the name of Quinn from Philadelphia who died about that date, I am of the opinion that he is the man referred to. The name of this man's father is Mr. T. F. Quinn.

THE Company Clerk as a further result of Edward J. Quinn's story received a letter from William F. Tormey of Charleston, West Virginia. Tormey says:

THE deceased Mr. Quinn was a member of the 43d Company, Second Battalion, Fifth Regiment of Marines, of which I was also a member. At the time of his death he was attached to the second battalion as a runner and had been for some time. When I last saw him he was headed in the direction of Somme Py. Later in the day I learned from a comrade who had just returned from Somme Py that Quinn had been killed and was buried in or near Somme Py. Owing to the fact that the deceased Quinn was from Philadelphia and from the facts disclosed in the item in the Weekly, I feel assured that this is the man referred to.

Up until the time of my discharge he was reported missing in action, as no definite information had been received. Because he was one of my comrades I hasten to submit this information in hope that it may supply the data as to the positive proof of his death, as I feel that his relatives have never received any definite word other than "missing in action."

ACOPY of Edward J. Quinn's story and of the letter from Comrade Tormey have been sent to Joseph F. Quinn's father.

The foregoing incidents show that Legionnaires are willing and eager to help clear up the doubt existing in the minds of bereaved relatives regarding the actual fate of their soldiers who failed to come home. Five years is a long time to wait for definite news, but for that very reason it is all the more priceless when it is supplied. As the Company Clerk is restricted in the amount of space he can use he cannot assist in cases of men who returned home from the war and have

since been listed among the missing. Only such cases which have to do with men reported missing in action and appeals for details regarding men killed in action can be bulletined. A few more appeals are here placed before Legionnaires and we know a whole-hearted response will follow:

Mrs. T. A. Turner of Hattiesburg, Mississippi, is asking for definite information regarding her brother, James C. Sikes, formerly private, Company I, 18th Infantry, First Division, who was reported missing in action October 8, 1918, according to notice received by her on December 15, 1918. She writes: "Every telegram we receive states 'missing in action.' All his mail was returned along in April and May, 1919. On some of them would be written in red letters, 'Insane,' on some 'at Camp Merritt, New Jersey,' and on others 'Not to be found.' He would write home about every change he had and up to September 25, 1918, wrote he had never received a letter from anyone. After advice of his death was received from the Government, my father requested that his remains be sent back to the United States and in September, 1921, what were supposed to be his remains were sent back and buried here. My mother, however, who is sick in bed, is grieving every hour of the day and cannot ever be satisfied as to his fate until she can hear from someone who can give definite information regarding his disappearance."

The Honor Roll of the History of the First Division, which is in the Legion Library, includes the name of James C. Sikes, Company I, 18th Infantry, with the notation that he was killed in action.

Commander Louis J. McCarthy of W. Mynderse Rice Post of Auburn, New York, asks us to publish this request: The mother of Frank J. Cullen, sergeant, Company G, 23d Infantry, is anxious to ascertain any details regarding her son's death in action. The only advice she has is that he was killed in action October 6, 1918, during the Meuse-Argonne offensive. She would like particularly to know if he was instantly killed or whether he died in a hospital.

This letter comes from Legionnaire Jasper A. Kerr of Columbus, Kentucky: "If any former service man knows anything about the death of Private Buster McGee, Company C, 9th Infantry, Second Division, will you please let it be known through our magazine? I am asking this favor for his poor mother's sake as she is twice a gold star mother, one son having died in camp and this son having been reported killed in action."

While we are functioning along the lines of mutual helpfulness, which is one of the principles outlined in the Preamble to our Constitution, we are glad to announce a chance to help return some important service documents to a buddy. C. J. Keithline of Denver, formerly a sergeant of Headquarters Company, 20th Infantry, has sent in a non-commissioned officer's warrant appointing William T. S. Janes as sergeant in Company E, Tenth Battalion, 20th Engineers, signed by Lt. Col. E. H. Marks, and also a twenty-four hour pass issued to the same man, Janes, by Capt. J. H. Price, commanding the 29th Engineers, dated Chenonceaux (Indre-et-Loire), February 15, 1919. If Janes will write to the Company Clerk, the documents will be delivered. Keithline advises that the papers were found by a friend on Berthoud Pass, Colorado, about two years ago.

WE have some news from far-off Hawaii of particular interest to former First Division men. All veterans remember the Sal doughnut girls of war days—

and, by the way, the Company Clerk found some of those same old friends right on the job at the national convention in San Francisco last month, with a free doughnut and coffee stand right opposite the convention hall—so he's glad to pass on this news about one. Legionnaire L. C. Gulley sends us the following from Honolulu:

ON September 29th in the city of Honolulu there was solemnized a marriage. Miss Margaret Sheldon was the bride and Bryson Stufflebeam, sergeant of the 13th Field Artillery at Schofield Barracks, was the lucky man. Miss Sheldon is the original doughnut girl of the First Division, having gone to France with them and having served with the division through all its campaigns. She was among the first group of women sent by the Salvation Army to France and her devoted service and bravery merited for her the highest praises of the officers and the love and admiration of the men. For bravery under fire and devotion to duty she was cited four times. Since the war she has been placed in some of the important positions in administrative service of the Salvation Army and was supervisor of the Boys' Home in Honolulu at the time of her marriage.

HERE'S a line from another far-wandering buddy, Ray Edman, member of General John Swift Post of Chicago. He writes the Company Clerk from Quito, Ecuador:

IN a land where jokes and jollity and reminders of the good old days over there are scarce, the Weekly is a tremendous boon. I have been unable to locate any Legionnaires in Guayaquil or Quito and would consider it a great favor if you could get me in touch with any Legionnaires who may be in the republic of Ecuador.

THAT'S a good chance for a traveler in the southern continent to connect up with a buddy with whom he can fight the war over again—possibly they can establish another outpost of the Legion. South America is represented on the Legion roster with posts in Maracaibo, Venezuela; Cerro de Pasco, Peru; Chuquicamata, Chile, and Buenos Aires, Argentine. Why not add another?

LEGION LIBRARY

Book Service

CHRISTMAS is approaching. A copy of his outfit history will make an appreciated gift for that ex-serviceman brother, son, or husband. To insure delivery, it is suggested that orders be placed promptly. The outfit histories listed below are available through Book Service. Information regarding histories of other units may be obtained through the same source. (For additional available books see other issues of the Weekly.)

HISTORY OF THE FIRST DIVISION IN THE WORLD WAR. Official. Set of twelve 1:20,000 operation maps in separate container. Price: \$5.

HISTORY OF THE FOURTH DIVISION. Official. Sixty illustrations. Maps. 368 pages. Price: \$2.

HISTORY OF THE FIFTH DIVISION. Official. A complete record of the division's activities from Camp Logan through the Meuse-Aargonne. Tables of casualties, important field orders, decorations, citations. 86 full-page photographs. Many maps. 423 pages, 7½ x 10½ inches. Price: \$6.

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE 26TH DIVISION. Five hundred photographs. 8 x 11 inches. 320 pages. Price: Cloth, \$5; leather, \$8.

PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE 27TH DIVISION. Over 300 official photographs. 8 x 10 inches. 244 pages. Price: \$2.75.

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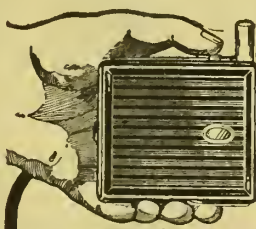
HISTORY OF THE 107TH INFANTRY, 27TH DIVISION. Official. Over 200 illustrations. 550 pages. Price: \$5.

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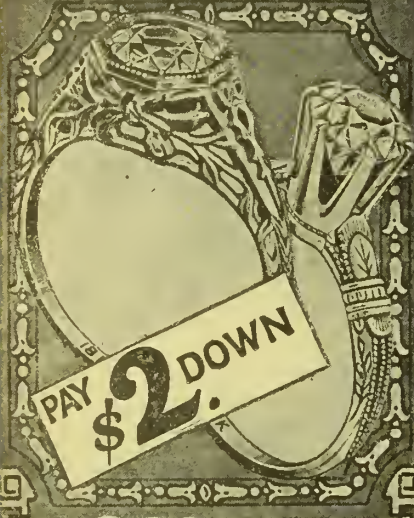
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The Heartless Wretch

Younghusband: "Dearest, I—er—I've been trying to tell you something for a long time, but until now I've lacked the courage."

The Mrs.: "Heavens! What is it? Don't keep me in suspense!"

Younghusband: "I don't like potato salad."

Unwritten History

When Jonah came back to the town

To which he gave the slip,
He said, in throwing his hat down:
"I had a whale of a trip."

Adam was a lucky hound,
And happy too, I ween;
The neighbors never came around
To borrow gasoline.

When Noah worked upon his ark
A jinx was on his trail;
He often heard the scoffers bark:
"When does your old boat sail?"

Unnecessary

Willis: "There's the ship I was telling you about."

Nillis: "The one with the big black funnel?"

Willis: "I guess she has a funnel, but we didn't need any. We didn't spill a drop."

Not Exactly Popular

Pinley: "Was Melnotte elected a member of the club at the last meeting?"

Killings: "No, the election was postponed. It was feared there weren't enough blackballs to go around."

Better Times

"Times have changed."

"They certainly have. You used to see dogs running wild with tin cans tied to their tails, and now you see them riding in them with their noses up in the air."

Just That

Whiz Bang: "What's the difference between the jingle of the American dollar and the Chinese yen?"

Sky Rocket: "One is the chink of the coin and the other is the coin of the Chink."

The Bluff

She had just been kissed.

"You'll pay for this!" she stormed.
"I'll tell father and he'll—"

"But, dear—" he started to object.

"Sh! Here he comes now."

An Even Break

The Reverend: "Does yo' take this woman fo' bettah or wuss?"

Sportive Groom: "Ah'll jes' match yo' doubles or nothin'."

Ladies

Excited Lady: "I want six ounces of sulphuric acid."

Clerk: "Yes, ma'am. Are you going to drink it or throw it in another lady's face?"

Obviousness

Aviator's Companion: "What city are we over now?"

Aviator: "Look down and tell me what you see."

"Two holdups."

"Chicago."

Not So Good

She: "Did you see the Indian squaws, John?"

He: "Yes, and now I know why they call their husbands 'brave.'"

On Dit

"There!" exclaimed the society editor with satisfaction as she inserted a couple of French phrases. "That gives a perfectly innocent news item the appearance of scandal."

A Light Blow

He: "If you don't marry me I'll blow out my brains."

She: "Well, take my advice and use an eye dropper."

Sounds That Way

The two famous surgeons were standing over the sufferer's bed.

"Shall we open him this morning?" asked the first.

"I don't think it would be advisable," said the second. "I don't like his flush."

"Say, what do you think this is?" interrupted the patient weakly. "A poker game?"

But Now—

Her: "Before you married me you told me you were well off."

Him: "I was, but I didn't know it."

To the Point

Hokus: "Have you ever seen the way our efficiency expert sharpens a pencil with a razor blade?"

Pokus: "You bet. He applies shaving cream to the end of the pencil to get the best results."

Durned Close

Mose: "Yo' bullet nevah teched dat rabbit."

Artie: "Mebbe not. But Ah'm tellin' yo' dat bunny knows who it were dat was shootin' at him, an' he's havin' a hard time explainin' to hisself how come he still is hisself."

No Joke

"There was a Hebrew, a Scotchman and an Irishman," began the paying teller, "who—"
"Perkins, kindly



confine your jokes to other than business hours," ordered the bank president austere.

"Pardon me, sir, but I was merely trying to convey the police report of the men who held up our cashier a few minutes ago."

Swallow

One swallow does not make a summer,

A fact that's very clear to all;

But in these days of prohibition

A swallow often makes a fall.

At the Grocer's

Little Willie (laying a quarter on the counter): "Ma wants a pound of butter."

Grocer: "Not for a quarter, sonny. Perhaps she wants oleo."

Willie: "I dunno."

Grocer: "Go home and ask her if she sent you here for butter or for worse."

Commuter's Tragedy

8.19: "Great Scott! I've gone and left my wallet on the dresser."

8.42: "Don't worry. The maid will find it."

8.19: "That's just it. She'll give it to my wife."

Cause for Complaint

Sergt.: "Company D's complaining about the beans, sir."

Capt.: "What's the matter with the beans?"

Sergt.: "Too old, sir. They claim they're hasbeens."

Ample Protection

Though girlies dress in sheer silk hose,
In low-cut waists and flimsy clothes,
When cold winds blow each daring elf
Is warmly wrapped up in herself.

On Us

She (reading an article on ordnance): "Honey, what's the difference between a burst and a dud?"

He (who tried to break into this column): "Oh, about a dollar or so per dud."

Too Much Advantage

The Good Sport: "Come on, kids, I'll buy you all the ice cream you can eat."

Raggedest Urchin of Trio: "That ain't fair, mister. Ted, here, ain't had no dinner."

Capital Punishment Recommended

"Say, Bill," said Oklahoma Joe. "I've noticed that when one of these Injuns gets him an automobile, he wants to take it apart and fix it first thing. Why because?"

"Oh," replied Bill carelessly, "I suppose it's natural. He just wants to show his injunuity."

Crooked Spirits

Eliza: "Ah don' hold wid dem spiritualists no mo'."

Mandy: "Huceum dat?"

Eliza: "Ah went to one of dem meetin's to find out whah is at mah earrings what disappear, an' all Ah finds out is dat mah necklace disappears."

Thorough

"Does your wife do fancy work?"

"Well, you might say that she does," replied the sufferer. "In addition to crocheting a cover for my safety razor and putting a pretty string of flowers down the side of my golf bag, she has just finished embroidering a posy in my buttonhole."

The Perfect Tribute

(Ad in the Portland Oregonian)

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Ask how to get them

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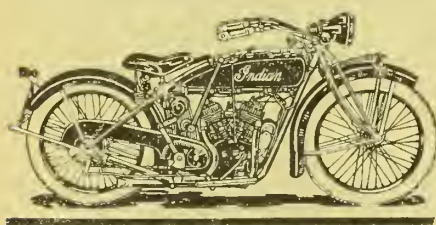
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Nation's Press Gives Views on Convention Resolution That Followed K. K. K. Debate

NEVER in the history of Legion national conventions has such extended editorial comment been aroused in the American press as has followed the debate at San Francisco on the Ku Klux Klan question. Here are some representative selections of newspaper opinion of the Legion's action:

The annual convention of the American Legion in San Francisco has looked the Ku Klux Klan problem squarely in the face as gentlemen unafraid should, and then adopted, not the original resolution, but a substitute which omits mention of the invisible empire but which deplores its efforts to foster strife and hatred.—*Hartford (Conn.) Courant.*

We hardly think that the American Legion will be showered with commendations for one or two of the things done in its name at the San Francisco convention. The Legion's final disposal of the Klan issue had features about it which will evidently bear criticism. One would imagine that an organization with the prestige and purposes of the Legion would not exhibit a case of irresolution when it set out to arraign a distinctly un-American and destructive organization.—*American Tribune (Catholic), Dubuque, Ia.*

The convention of the American Legion has gone further than a good many people expected on the issue of the Ku Klux Klan. It is true that the compromise resolution which was adopted by an overwhelming vote mentioned no names, and merely recited the fact that any individual or organization which fostered racial or class strife or took into its own hands the enforcement of law was inconsistent with Legion ideals. This is about the same as saying that the Legion stands unswervingly for virtue, and disapproves strongly of vice. But in view of the considerable number of Klansmen who must have been among the delegates, even that is a good deal.—*New York Times.*

The attitude of The American Legion, in session in California, on the Ku Klux Klan, is disappointing to every American. No organization stands more for Americanism than the men who gave themselves to their country in the days following the United States's entrance into the World War. The resolutions adopted carry condemnation of the tenets of the Klan, but do not pinion it by name. They should have been specific in their denunciation. . . . The American Legion members proved their bravery on the battlefield in serving their country. They again could serve their country as citizens by insisting that issues be met in the open. Fear and hate are bred by attempting to fight from behind a mask. For that reason the Legion, carrying out a duty it has pledged in the blood of the battlefield, should have specifically named the Klan in opposing its practices.—*St. Louis Star.*

The resolution adopted by the Resolutions Committee of The American Legion at San Francisco, condemning "any individuals or organizations which create or force racial, religious or class strife among our people, or which take into their own hands the enforcement of law, determination of guilt, or infliction of punishment," as un-American, was aimed at the Ku Klux Klan. Not mentioning the Klan by name, it could well be adopted as expressing a sentiment entirely in accordance

with the Legion's principles. . . . The American Legion, as the resolution says, "includes in its membership former service men of every race, creed and color." It cannot afford to appear to dally in any degree with organizations or individuals who foster race, religious or class prejudices.—*St. Louis Post Dispatch.*

The "Michigan" resolution which the San Francisco convention of The American Legion adopted as a sequel to a debate over the Ku Klux Klan really is stronger than the resolution directly attacking the Klan by name which the convention voted down. . . . By denouncing evil everywhere rather than as it exists in any single organization, the Legion broadens the scope of its action into a statement of fundamental principle, and avoids the charge that it is singling one society out for special persecution or is attempting to prejudice a case without adequate knowledge of facts. The Klan knows perfectly well where the Legion stands and what its members think, but there is no room for argument or comeback. The moment the Klan objects to what the Legion has done, it convicts itself and justifies the Legion.—*Detroit Free Press.*

That [the Legion's] resolution of condemnation did not mention the outlaw organization by name detracts nothing from its force, because it is all-inclusive. . . . Our own and what we hope will be the common interpretation is that the Legion did not falter or sidestep the issue in not mentioning the name of the Klan—that instead of avoidance it was a broadening of the declaration to include all prejudicial organizations and every attempt at setting up invisible empire or establishing super-government.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

It may bear another name, but the plain fact is that there was a religious issue in the San Francisco convention. The Ku Klux Klan may have other purposes, some of them worthy enough, but religious intolerance, or in some instances a sincere conviction that organized opposition to a well organized church is necessary, is the essence of the Klan's being. . . . The Legion will not be disrupted, for it has shown that a vast majority of the delegates are rightly enough opposed to an organized creation of religious and racial strife, but the unfortunate result of this warfare cannot be avoided. The seeds of dissension have been sown and the poisonous growth is sure to have its baleful effect in the Legion and elsewhere until tolerance, sanity, the passing of fear and the good sense of the people sweep it away.—*Chattanooga Daily Times.*

Whatever dissembling there may be in the actual wording of the resolution adopted by The American Legion, by the general public it will be taken as a deliberate slap at the Ku Klux Klan. And the public will thus conclude that the two organizations which have stood so consistently for what is called one hundred percent Americanism have come to the parting of the ways.—*Baltimore Evening Sun.*

To all those who are losing sleep over the influence and position of the Ku Klux Klan we suggest a look at The American Legion. Three and four years ago the Legion, with its lawless attacks upon individuals, its campaign against our foreign population, and its effort to dictate the policies of public officials, occupied much

the same position on the first pages of the newspapers that the Klan does today. But the Legion did not succeed in holding its position and neither will the Klan. Today the Legion has almost completely abandoned its former violent and offensive tactics, and at its recent national convention it passed a resolution aimed at the Klan (though not by name) which sounded much like censure of the Legion's old self. —The Nation (New York).

South of the Rio Grande

(Continued from page 4)

against medievalism. Men go about in buttoned and begilt and beribboned costumes. Fortified ranch houses might be set down bodily in old Spain. Her skies are impossibly blue, her flowers extravagant, her climate to me is a delight. But if I were a young man with a little money and a wife I must say—in all honesty—that I would not go there. Fortunes will be made there in the next decade, if peace lasts, by American adventurers. Two-fisted single men who are so young that they can afford to gamble with a few years might take a chance. But I have known too many wrecks in Mexico—too many men who have crossed the border with a wife and child or two and a little money and have come out again, years later, ruined and savage and bereft. No doubt Mexico will achieve stability one of these days. It is not safe to say that Mexico is wholly sound today. There are too many elements in the proposition. More time is needed. Time is the acid that reveals political metal.

A country, to paraphrase the old physical geographies, is made up of land and water and people. Let's take the people first. There are 15,000,000 people in Mexico, according to the estimates; there has not been a real census in years. Of these, 6,000,000 are barefoot Indians. I mean just that when I say barefoot. They are the kindest, most likable, gentlest Indians in the world, but they are indubitably barefoot. The man wears a pajama costume of white cotton, plus a high, wide straw hat. No shirt. He may have rawhide sandals. He always has a strip of thin, loosely woven country-made blanket in which he wraps his head when he lies down under a wall to sleep. Cold seems not to affect them. I have shivered like a dog in my all-wool suit and my all-wool overcoat at midnight, yet all around me were Indians, asleep and awake, who seemed comfortable as could be. The Indian woman of this class wears a gown, a little shawl, perhaps sandals. Not much of that quarter of a billion estimated sale this year will go to the barefoot Indians. The average possessions of such an Indian family might at a venture be worth ten dollars. That's high. It includes a knife at a dollar and a dollar's worth of cooking pots and a two dollar hat. Before they can become buyers they must become workers. Poor devils, they have nothing to work at, for the most part. An Otomi Indian will cheerfully trot thirty-five miles into the City of Mexico under a load of clap pots which has taken his family a week or more to make, sell them for perhaps five dollars, sleep on the cobbles—and Mexico City is a mile and a half above sea level—and trot

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back the next day. Given work and food and the barefoot Indian will furnish a good potential market.

"They're lazy," work bosses have told me. "No account. They want to sleep half the day in the sunshine. Too slow."

You would be lazy—so would I—if we lived on the universal diet of the Mexican Indian. Tortillas and frijoles—flapjacks and beans and not enough of them. The husk of the corn is removed by soaking in lye, just as our forbears used to make that lye hominy which can now only be found as a delicacy in the most extravagant hotels. The pulp is treated with lime and pounded into a paste with a stone roller. The paste is rolled into thin cakes and baked on a piece of tin, a flat stone, a board, anything.

The beans are boiled in a clay pot and are the tastiest beans in the entire bean world. They are mixed with an ungovernable green pepper. On dark nights in Mexico you can always distinguish the stranger who has just eaten a meal made up of green peppers—he glows like a firefly. The Indian scoops up his beans with his tortilla and synchronizes the eating. When he is out of beans he is out of tortilla. Now and then he eats a bit of chicken or a cut of pork—

I do not want to discuss the Mexican pig. He is the most distasteful animal in Mexico, barring the zopilote, which isn't an animal at all, but a buzzard. The zoep is the only scavenging department in most Mexican villages. Wise white men never eat Mexican pork. That's all I care to say. But good or bad, the Indian's complaint is that he never gets enough meat of any sort. Now and then a string of thin, yellowy, sinewy meat that has been hanging on the town butcher's rack in the sun, covered with dust and flies. An occasional egg. And never enough flapjacks and beans.

That's why he has the name of being lazy. A half-starved man is never energetic, and it is safe to say that of the six million barefooted, not one in fifty has enough to eat each day of his life. The American oil companies discovered that. They tried paying more wages, on the theory that the Indians would spend the added money for food. The Indian isn't used to having enough to eat. It doesn't occur to him that anyone ever has. He spent it for aguar-diente or mescal or pulque and showed up woozy two days later. So that many of the American companies have established company kitchens. Their workmen get all they want to eat now.

"And they work," the bosses say. "The well-fed Indian is a good man. Not fast, but steady and sure."

The Mexican's siesta is accounted for in much the same way. If you—or I—being clad in thin cotton, tried to sleep on a bed of corn husks on the mud floor of an unheated mud hut in a climate that specializes in cold nights, we should wake up shortly after midnight. I've heard 'em, a score of times, begin to laugh and chatter when their first sleep was out. Never sour or disgruntled or worried, apparently; good temper is almost a vice with them. It is no wonder that about noon the next day, when they have had a handful of beans and a couple of tortillas and the warm Mexican sun is casting glory about, they hunt the shadow of a bush and go to sleep. You would do the same thing. So would I.

The next level in the Mexican social

structure is another six millions of mestizos. A mestizo is a man of mixed blood, the product of the cross between the forceful, dominating, devilish old Spaniards and the native. The second six million range from nearly brown to nearly white. They are classed together on an estimate of their intelligence and their social value rather than along blood lines. They wear clothes which vary from the pajama suit of the barefoot Indian to the Kute Kut Klothes of the United States. I am not exaggerating. When Obregon's troops made their triumphal entry into the City of Mexico, after Carranza had been killed and Obregon's only rival for the presidency had been scared up a chimney, most of them were shoeless. Backs and breasts alike had been burned hard and dry and black by the sun. Their hats were rags and tatters. But here and there an officer tramped proudly down the wide, beautiful street in a suit of mail-order clothes from Chicago, kept new and wrinkled in his warbag against the great day. This second six million is a present, actual, none too active market for Yankee tricks and notions.

THE upper layer of Mexican society is the intelligentsia. This is the ruling class. Most of them—almost all of them—have Indian blood in their veins. Obregon is part Indian. Elias P. Calles, who will succeed Obregon unless signs and portents mean nothing, is part Indian. Adolfo de la Huerta, who was provisional president during the interim between Carranza's death and Obregon's election, is part Indian. Many of this class are men of exceptional force of character, striking intelligence, and real initiative. In business dealings they are handicapped in many cases by lack of experience, by the passivity of their associates, and by a shortage of world knowledge. Few realize the interdependence of the commercial world today. Only a few, comparatively speaking, have more than a hazy idea even of their greatest neighbor.

It is not too much to say that there is not a pure-blooded white man in a position of political power and responsibility in Mexico today. This is not to be wondered at. The last white men in power were Diaz's Cientificos, and they robbed the underdogs to the last peso. The first white men in power were the magnificent old Spaniards, who took a country and a people by the simple process of killing. I call them magnificent because they were. They swept through Mexico like fire through a prairie. But they were cruel extortioners, gold-mad, drunken with blood. The Indian drank in hatred of the white man with his mother's milk. The mestizo is an Indian in feeling, even if he is very often a white man in ability.

So there are Mexico's people. Let's tabulate them again:

Barefoot Indians who buy little.....	6,000,000
Shod Indians who buy some.....	6,000,000
The intelligentsia.....	3,000,000

Then where are we to sell \$250,000,000 worth of goods in the first year, according to the commercial authority quoted? The lower twelve millions of Mexico's population, for the most part, just break even on the day. Their budget runs from breakfast to midnight. They will have a very small buying surplus until they get to work.

The 3,000,000 of the intelligentsia would buy if they could, but most of them are broke. For ten years commerce has been fitful and uncertain in Mexico. The country is on a gold basis because it went through the rouble and the mark and the kronen experience before Russia and Germany and Austria did.

No one knows how many billion pesos of paper money were printed in Mexico during the ten years by the various presidents and governors and mayors and generals and bandit chiefs. But every peso has disappeared. None of it was redeemed. You could not buy a tortilla with a cartload of paper money in Mexico now. The country is on a gold basis because no one will accept anything else. Silver is beginning to creep back in rather large amounts, but gold is the money that talks. It will be many a year before paper pesos pass current south of the Rio Grande. Once bitten, twice shy.

Therefore—once more—where is that \$250,000,000 buying power to come from?

Much of it will be furnished by the Americans and the English and the French and the Germans who are beginning to re-invest in Mexico, now that our recognition has let down the bars to commerce. True, there was no obstacle to investment during that period of non-recognition. But England and France followed our lead—gossip has it in return for our agreement to play their hand in Greece—and the individual investor would not put his money in a country in which his government plainly told him he would not be given protection. That prospective flood of foreign capital is the reason why the Mexican congressmen cheered themselves hoarse when President Obregon told them that recognition had been arranged. They felt the fat days coming back again.

Because—if peace and order continue to reign—Mexico is one of the treasure houses of the world. The prospects for exploitation are endless. It is probably literally true that when once capital is thoroughly assured, it will be difficult to find the physical means for developing the properties that have been located during the fallow years. More work will press than can be attended to. And the money spent in Mexico will pour back across the border—our border or another—because Mexico must make up the wastage of the ten years' war. The United States is the natural market for Mexican products, as well as the natural source of supply for Mexico. But the nations of Europe have their eyes on Mexican business also.

MEXICO seems to be economically divisible into four parts. First the west coast, stretching from California down to the Isthmus of Tehuantepec—a land of incalculable riches, for the most part not realized on; a climate in which a white man can live and work comfortably; a fairly regular rainy season in some places and enough water in most other places for irrigation; a silty soil that is often thirty feet deep. California's best can be beaten into the New York markets by the west coast gardens—oranges, grape fruit, lemons, pineapples, sugar cane, all sorts of truck. Superb fishing. Here and there mines. One of the

world's greatest pearl fisheries. Grazing for cattle, abundant hard woods of many sorts, cotton, wheat, corn. Strawberries in midwinter.

Second, the high central plateau, in which irrigation is necessary for farming, but which has thousands of miles of good grass for cattle. The world's greatest silver mines are in this section. They have been the world's greatest for centuries. The silver hasn't run out, but some of the mines are getting uncomfortably deep. The city of Mexico is the heart of this plateau country, just as it had been for centuries before Montezuma's day. Before the Spaniards came it supported thousands where hundreds live miserably now. The ruins of the ancient cities prove this. Perhaps modern methods, peace, order and time may restore it.

Third, the oil region abutting on the Gulf of Mexico. Not only oil is to be found here. It was once and will be in the future a superb agricultural country. Semitropical, for the most part, with high mountains available for a refuge.

Fourth, the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, filled with mahogany, a soil dripping with fat, a dependable rainy season, and a furious vegetation that makes a jungle out of a farm in but a year or so of neglect. And there is Yucatan, where the sisal comes from. Yucatan may be counted out just now. Too many political experiments going on down there. And too queer.

Under Obregon, Mexico has returned to quiet. Perhaps the people were tired of war. Perhaps they feared Obregon. Perhaps—this is my own belief—they believed in him. He is a sturdy, fair-minded, rather kindly man who has grown with power. As president he has been extraordinarily fine. He has substituted a second chance for the firing squad in most cases when men have been caught with arms in their hands against him.

He has been obliged to work slowly with his people. They were politically debauched by the ten years' war. But they have been responsive to his call, on the whole. There are more schools in Mexico now than ever before. Not enough yet. Not enough by four in five, perhaps. There is better order. He has gone far toward making Mexico dryer. He has at least checked the Bolshevik agitation that once seemed threatening. He has done what he could to put down graft, although graft in Mexico has always been regarded as an officeholder's perquisite. Most important of all, he has subdued and reduced the army, and the army was the most formidable danger to peace. He will not be a candidate for re-election in 1924.

"I'm going home," he has said. "Unlike every other president of Mexico, I'm going to die peacefully in my bed."

Given peace and confidence and order and law and Mexico must flourish. It cannot help it. Gold, silver, oil, fruits, grain, cattle, lumber—a score of treasures to be developed—and a people that if given a chance will develop innumerable wants. The hated Cientificos have vanished. The present government is strong, and General Calles is a man of the Obregon type. If he succeeds Obregon he, too, will have order.

Then there will be work in Mexico. And wants. And the money with which to satisfy them.

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Knifing American Shipping

(Continued from page 6)

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ing of American vessels, as well as an American Bureau of Shipping, which corresponds to Lloyd's Register in classing vessels.

But how strong is the power of Lloyd's still, even with American shipping, is revealed by the fact that of 33,507 vessels of over 100 tons, a total tonnage of 65,166,238 on the high seas today, 15,875, of 38,861,967 tons, are classed by Lloyd's—50 percent of the ships of the world and 60 percent of the tonnage! Mail steamers, on which our government pays a postal subsidy, were until very recently classed by Lloyd's, not by the American Bureau of Shipping; and the two new boats that Henry Ford is building for trade on the Great Lakes are to be classed by Lloyd's, as well. As a vessel's classification is the basis for the rate of insurance she and the cargoes she carries must pay, the importance of this enormous power in the hands of one non-American group is evident. It is precisely as if both Dun and Bradstreet were controlled by the business rivals of those whom they rate, and a business man could only get such credit as his competitors would grant him.

The influence of the old, established connection, the well-known firm is potent and permeating. Good Americans act as agents of foreign underwriters and believe sincerely that no harm would ever be done American shipping by the firms they represent. Yet the axe of sharp and even unfair competition, of discrimination and favoritism, is applied every day in the ordinary course of peaceful business; in times of such emergency as war, it becomes a sausage machine. Early in the war, and before we went in, word was passed out to certain of our shipowners doing business with England: "You will charter with such and such a firm—or you will not charter." The rate quoted by the firm in question was about 60 percent of the market. Naturally, the shipowners held out as long as they could, but they finally gave in rather than have their vessels lie idle. The firm in question chartered at its own figure, then turned around and re-chartered to the British government at the market, making a 40 percent profit on the deal. The head of the firm was made a peer for his cleverness. During the war, also, insurance rates quoted by British underwriters were whatever served the interests of Great Britain at war: if neutral shipowners did not do the carrying that England wanted done at the price that was fixed in London, they could get no insurance at all.

Yet, despite this lesson, American shipowners and exporters still put their heads on the block of foreign control and wait for the axe to fall, just because it is a nice, solid, respectable axe with every tradition of long use behind it. As the Congressional Committee investigating the marine insurance game found, non-American underwriters whenever they get the chance are inclined to hold up payments or quote insurance rates "apparently designed to block American endeavors in certain directions." You bet your life they are!

In an earlier article, I quoted the old song: "We have the ships, we have

the men, we have the money, too," which expresses, as it was intended to, what it takes to make a successful merchant marine in any country. So far as we are concerned, we have the ships, all right, and if we, as taxpayers, and therefore the real owners of them, keep our wits about us, nobody is going to get them away from us. We have the money, of course; but whether it is available for investment in American merchant shipping is something else again. Money knows no flag. And the very facts that we have just seen, of the strange hold that capital invested in non-American marine underwriting has on our merchant shipping, shows very clearly that American capital, so far as bankers control it, is not ready to back up an American merchant marine. A short time ago the Holland-American Line floated a 20,000,000 guilder loan on Wall Street in twenty minutes. Yet when a practical American shipping man worked out a plan for American banks to finance private operation of American ships by Americans the biggest bankers in the United States knifed the enterprise because of the money those bankers had invested in foreign shipping. Something like \$75,000,000 goes out of this country every year in insurance premiums alone, paid to foreign marine underwriters—or \$25,000,000 more than it costs us to run our 1,300 Shipping Board vessels; and not a cent of it ever comes back.

So far as the money is concerned, therefore, it is what you and I, the average men of the country, have that is available to put into American merchant shipping—the big bankers will put up nothing; they are making too much out of foreign shipping. And about the only way that you and I can put up money to back an American merchant marine, without doing it through the big bankers who won't play the game with us, is to do it through our Government. To put the matter quite plainly, the financial interests of the country do not want to see an American merchant marine; but you and I do. Very well; what we can do is to vote one. We can tell our Congressmen that we want a merchant marine and that they are to take, out of the taxes we pay, enough money to cover whatever deficit there may be in running our ships for us, until such time as the economic situation of the world recovers sufficiently to enable them to pay for themselves.

AND that disposes of the ships and the money. Remains the question of the men. There is the crux of the whole business, as Chairman Farley of the Shipping Board points out. An American merchant marine manned by aliens is a contradiction in terms. Yet you will never get enough real Americans to go to sea and serve under foreign quartermasters and other petty officers to man a fleet of canal boats. Of the 278,593 men employed in British shipping in 1920, only 15,440 were foreigners—5½ percent. In our government-operated ships, by dint of paying the highest wages paid seamen anywhere in the world, 85 percent of the crews are American; but not in the privately operated American ships. On her first

voyage, the *American Legion* of the Munson Line boasted a 100 percent American crew; but she has not had one since, and no other American ship has anything like it. Even with the Shipping Board ships, where Americans are supposed to get preference (though the law to that effect was never enacted), they get no such thing.

On the other hand, any shipowner will tell you that an American merchant marine is absolutely impossible because wages in American ships are so much higher than on the ships of any other country. He says—and it's true—that it costs \$800 more a month in wages alone to run an average American freighter than a British one; and that, in addition, men on American ships not only have to be better fed, which costs more money, but they actually eat the food, so that the company can make nothing out of splitting with the steward whatever he can save on the rations of the crew, as they do in many foreign ships. If you believe everything that an American shipowner tells you, it's a wonder that hundreds of men aren't waiting for berths on every American ship that docks.

WELL, they are not, and under present conditions they are not going to be. It is true that an American shipowner in the foreign trade cannot make money today. The fixed monthly expenses (fuel, wages, stevedoring, etc.), of one of the best run American lines are \$327,000; insurance, repairs, etc., run the operating costs up to \$400,000 per month. The total income of this concern is \$272,000, or a net loss of \$128,000 per month. It takes a millionaire to do it.

Well, what's the answer, not only to the question of getting Americans to want to go to sea in American ships (which they do not now, and small blame to them—they can make more money ashore, and live at home) but to the whole question of how an American merchant marine can be made to work, despite the enormous differential between living standards and living costs in the United States, in comparison with other countries? If I have no solution of this problem to offer, I had better keep still about it, altogether. But I have a solution.

First, however, let us run over the various plans that have been suggested to solve the problem:

1. A ship subsidy. Dead as slavery. No use talking about it, even if it were economically sound.
2. To take advantage of the provision of the Merchant Marine Act of 1920, whereby the President was directed to give notice to some twenty-two countries, with which we have treaties prohibiting the imposition of discriminatory customs duties on imports in foreign bottoms. The time within which this was to be done has elapsed, and, anyhow, the State Department is unalterably opposed to it.
3. To apply differential railroad rates on freight for consignment in American bottoms. This could be done, though probably the railroads would howl, and certainly foreign countries would retaliate by digging up every kind of regulation requiring boiler inspection or fumigation of foreign ships in their ports, etc., and apply them rigidly to our vessels.
4. The imposition of higher tonnage

dues on foreign vessels operating between the United States and other countries than their own. Thus, for example, British vessels trading between New York and Buenos Aires would have to pay higher tonnage dues than American ships in the same trade, or than British ships trading between New York and some British home port. This hits the tramp, which is the backbone of any merchant marine—28 percent of the world's tonnage is composed of the type of vessel engaged in this sort of trade. Moreover, the proposal is not discrimination in a sense to call for retaliation. It also takes full advantage of the strong point of our whole merchant shipping system as it has been developed so far, namely, that our shipping routes are all based on home ports.

This plan is ideal from the ship owners' point of view. It takes care of him, all right—but it accomplishes nothing whatever for the men who are to man our ships. And no scheme that does not make merchant shipping attractive to Americans, as sailors, is worth talking about.

And so, finally, we come to a plan that will do that little thing and at the same time help out the ship owner as well. It may be worked out either in conjunction with the above, or applied alone. Here it is:

In 1915, the law provided for 51,500 petty officers and enlisted men to man our navy, at a time when we had thirty battleships and were in the midst of a world at war. This year the law authorizes 86,000 enlisted men in the navy, and, under the limitation of armaments agreement, we are held down to sixteen first class battleships—and the world is at peace. There can, therefore, be enlisted in and paid by the navy about three times as many Americans as are now employed in our merchant service, and still leave plenty of men for the navy. Why not do it, and turn these extra men over as crews of our government-owned merchant vessels, where they will learn more about practical shipping in a month than they will learn in the navy in a year, retaining them as naval reservists, with every protection, right and advantage of men in the navy?

The average cost of these men would, of course, be higher than the wages now paid men on merchant ships. But if the navy should bear, out of its appropriation for enlisted personnel, half of the cost and the ship owners half, the item for wages in the ship owners' operating costs would be reduced to below the wage cost of crews of foreign nationality, while the navy itself on, say, 20,000 men so employed would save some \$10,000,000 of your money and mine, per year. The saving to the ship owners would enable them to operate American ships in competition with any foreign ships; and thus, by making shipping profitable, speedily relieve us, as taxpayers, of the annual charge of \$50,000,000, the deficit in operating our ships for us, under present conditions.

We, as taxpayers, would save in all over \$60,000,000 per year. An American merchant marine would be assured. And, most important of all, the men who would make up that American merchant marine would be Americans, serving under conditions of honor and scrupulous protection of their interests, that would make them eager, instead of reluctant, to go down to the sea in ships.



SENSATIONAL SALE GUARANTEED TYPEWRITERS

only \$5.00 a month and the machine is yours. This **EASY** is absolutely the most generous **FREE** typewriter offer we ever made. **TERMS** Do not rent a machine when **TRIAL** you can pay \$5.00 a month and own one. Think of it—Buying a perfect, late model highest grade \$105 Typewriter at a bargain price—at only \$5.00 a month.

The Famous **L.C. Smith** Silent No. 8

This is the famous L. C. Smith typewriter which has set the world's standard for quality and service for over twenty years. Perfect machines, Standard size. Keyboard of Standard Universal arrangement, 42 Keys, writing 84 characters—universally used in teaching the touch system. The entire line of writing completely visible at all times, has the decimal tabulator, the two color ribbon, with automatic reverse, the back spacer, ball bearing type bars, ball bearing carriage action, ball bearing shift action. Every late style feature and modern operating convenience. Comes to you with everything complete: tools, cover, operating book and instructions—nothing extra to buy. You cannot imagine the perfection of this beautiful typewriter until you have seen it. We do the most perfect factory rebuilding, adjusting and testing known to the industry. We have sold thousands of these perfect late style machines at this bargain price and every one of those satisfied customers had this splendid, strictly up-to-date machine on five days' free trial before deciding to buy it. We will send it to you F. O. B. Chicago for five days' free trial. It will sell itself, but if you are not satisfied that this is the greatest typewriter you ever saw, you can return it at our expense. You won't want to return it after you try it, for you cannot equal this wonderful value anywhere.

SEND NO MONEY Order Now—Before They're Gone

When the typewriter arrives deposit with the express agent \$6.20 and take the machine for five days' trial. If you are convinced that it is the best typewriter you ever saw keep it and after 30 days send us \$5.00 a month until our bargain price of \$66.20 is paid. All cash, \$61.70, just a little more than half its original price. If you don't want it, return it to the express agent, receive your \$6.20 and return the machine. We will pay the return express charges. This machine is guaranteed just as if you paid \$105.00 for it. It is standard. Over half a million people own and use these typewriters and think them the best ever manufactured. The supply at this price is limited; the price will probably be raised when next advertisement appears, so don't delay. Fill in the coupon today—the typewriter will be shipped promptly. There is no red tape. We employ no solicitors—no collectors—no chattel mortgage. It is simply understood that we retain title to the machine until full \$66.20 is paid. You cannot lose. It is the greatest typewriter opportunity we have ever offered. Do not send us one cent. Get the coupon in the mails today—sure.

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Ship me the L. C. Smith Model No. 8, F. O. B. Chicago. I will pay you \$5.00 monthly as rent until the \$60.00 balance of the Special \$66.20 sale price is paid. The title to remain in you until fully paid for. It is understood that I have five days in which to examine and try the typewriter. If I choose not to keep it I will carefully repack it and return it to the express agent. It is understood that you give the standard guarantee.

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Street Address.....
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AGENTS 200% PROFIT
CABLE GRIP Adjustable Cover Remover and Scaler for world heater. One man sold 120 in 10-12 hours. Also made 21 sales in 21 calls. Make \$10 to \$20 Daily. Sells to every home. Opens EASILY any size bottle or jar; seals fruit jars perfectly, saving contents. **BUY DIRECT FROM MANUFACTURERS.** Send 25 cents for sample today. One dozen \$2.
BOYLE LOCK CO.
286 Walker St. Detroit, Mich.

Sells For **35¢**

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Make More MONEY!

Four Box Ball Bowling
Alleys made \$1,860.40 in 2
months in town of 8,000.

You may do what scores of others are doing. Game is fascinating. Everybody plays. Little money required to start. We help you. Start now.

Pays big profits. Small expense. No helpers. Alleys automatic in operation. Permanent business. All you do is take in money fast. Everyone enjoys game for exercise and excitement.

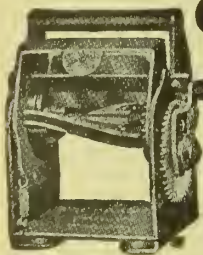
Pay as you earn. Reasonable down payment starts you on way to independence. Get our proposition in full. Write today.

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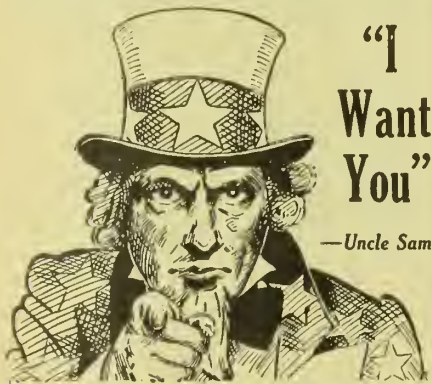


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Become Railway Postal Clerks
\$1600 to \$2300 Year

Every Ex-Service Man Should
Write Immediately
Steady Work No Layoffs
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Common education sufficient.
Ex-Service Men get special preference.
Send coupon today—SURE.

Sirs: Send me, without charge,
(1) Sample Railway Postal Clerk Examination questions;
(2) Schedule showing places and dates of U. S. Government examinations;
(3) List of Government jobs now obtainable;
(4) Information regarding preference to ex-service men.

COUPON
Name.....

Address.....

Big Business Trains Its Guns

(Continued from page 9)

Col. Francis L. Robbins, Jr., Lt. Col. Newbold Morris, Lt. Col. L. Simon Plaut, Lt. Col. Benjamin F. Castle, Major George Brokaw Compton, Major William H. Kobbé, Major Boudinot Keith.

Such is the layout, but something is wrong, for "Mr. Blank" is not coming through with his \$10 fast enough to please the League's salaried retainers. Can it be that some of the assertions in the agents' canned speech are a little too raw? For instance, that \$4,000,000,000 for the disabled. The American Legion has some right to speak on the disabled question, because the Legion's first concern has always been for the disabled, and every piece of legislation and every appropriation that has been voted for their relief in four years has been drafted and put through Congress by the Legion. What the League and what its rich supporters have done in Washington for disabled legislation is a matter of record which anyone may obtain. *They have done nothing except mention the subject occasionally as a smoke-screen for their fight on adjusted compensation.* That \$4,000,000,000 estimate is fiction, and so, of course, is that comical statement about \$128,000,000,000 worth of pensions. The Legion is anti-pension.

A few weeks ago contributions were coming in so laggardly that the officials of the League decided something should be done to "loosen the so-far reluctant purse strings" and to "get some much-needed publicity." So the salaried retainers got their heads together and this is what they proposed: To send a letter to Alvin Owsley, then National Commander of the Legion, and to T. L. Huston, then Commander-in-Chief of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, proposing a national referendum of all veterans on the adjusted compensation question. They figured, of course, that neither the Legion nor the V. F. W. would accept, because in their private councils the League officials do not attempt to delude themselves. They know they represent no one but themselves and that their organization is the puppet creation of the moneyed opponents of adjusted compensation. They did not believe the Legion or the Veterans of Foreign Wars would dignify a request from such an outfit with even a response. But even so, the gesture would have given them a certain amount of capital. They could have declared the Legion was afraid to face the issue. They could have used that as a plea for Congress to delay, "and delay above all things else is what we want."

On the other hand there was the bare chance that the Legion or the V. F. W. might accept, knowing that the preponderant majority not only of the veterans but of all the people favor adjusted compensation. But this would put the Leaguers in a hole, you say. Not a chance. That is where the Leaguers figured to make their ten strike. They never intended for a moment that a poll should actually be taken. If the Legion accepted their game was immediately to impose conditions concerning the actual taking of the poll which the Legion could not under any circumstances accept. They would force the Legion to decline to hold the poll. Their publicity men

would do the rest. The story would go broadcast that the Legion refused a poll on the compensation question. The League would be "a made organization."

The Leaguers worked over this scheme, polishing up every detail. They drafted a letter, bearing the name of Major Richard S. Buck, National Director of the League, to Commander's Owsley and Huston. (This, of course, was before the election of John R. Quinn as the Legion's National Commander.) Then a confidential memorandum was prepared explaining the trick. It bore the names of Major Buck and Edward L. Allen, the executive secretary of the League. The memorandum was addressed to the members of the advisory board, the wealthy and distinguished gentlemen whose names have been given before. It is remarkable for the frankness with which it reveals the intended trickery. Here it is:

Proposal for Conference

Having last winter secured considerable very valuable publicity based on the proposal of taking a poll of the veterans on the bonus question, it is now deemed very necessary that immediate steps be taken as herein suggested that we may at once and at the same time gracefully, without loss of prestige, abandon the project, and in so doing acquire further much-needed publicity, which will show our friends, members, and prospective contributors that we are actively in the field. We must show them some action if we are to hold them in line. . . .

It is suggested that Major Buck, as head of this organization, issue an invitation, as per attached, to the heads of all other veteran organizations, inviting them to confer with him as to the best means and method of obtaining a true expression of veteran sentiment on the bonus question.

It must always be borne in mind that our excuse for existing is based on the assumption that a majority of veterans oppose the bonus . . . regardless of our personal conviction in the matter.

If the heads of the larger one or two ignore the invitation—which they must do unless they want to immediately place us in their class by recognizing us—it will provide a definite, final, and convincing answer to the question which is sure to be put to us sooner or later inquiring as to the result of the poll we proposed taking. If we take no further steps in the matter of the poll, which we ourselves suggested, we can, and will be, quite logically charged with giving up the idea, because we soon learned that if we proceeded with it the result would prove our contentions wrong.

If the other organizations refuse to co-operate with us in the undertaking we can always give a convincing answer to our critics in the matter by truthfully stating that the magnitude of the job placed it beyond our ability or the ability of any other single organization to accomplish within the few months before Congress convened.

Such refusal to co-operate on their part will also furnish us a logical reason for going to the major parties with a request for a veteran referendum plank in their platforms. In our request to them we will be enabled to state that we were denied the aid of the other veteran organizations and our only recourse is to appeal to them. By having this as a basis for our request, much weight of reasonableness will be added to it.

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Biggest Bargain Ever Advertised
\$30 Style

Model Dress with Pleated Skirt
Only \$398
C. O. D.

Sizes 32 to 46 in. bust for women; 14, 16 & 18 for misses.

Money Back if not satisfied

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Everybody is wearing them. Astrakhan Coatee dresses have taken New York, Chicago and the entire country by storm. Lucille Mardine here offers you the most beautiful and most stylish creation of the season. A master designer's prize-winning masterpiece. Excellently made of finest quality Navy Blue Pellet Twill Weave Serge, the best wearing and most fashionable material today. Becoming to all ages and figures. Regular Coatee Style with pleated skirt. Novelty buckle and King's Tuxedo. Trimmed with Astrakhan all the rage. Be the first to wear this beautiful dress.

Send No Money

But rush your order now! Give us Name, Address and Size. We will ship the dress by parcel post. Pay the mailman \$3.98 and postage when the package arrives. Then examine the dress in your own home. If not satisfied in every way return the dress to us, and we will refund every cent of your money.

Lucille Mardine & Co.
4166 S. Halsted Street
Chicago, Dept. 158

If by any chance the Goddess of Fortune should so favor us as to inspire Owsley and Huston to accept our invitation, from that day we are a made organization. Such recognition would immediately place us in the forefront of all organized opposition to the bonus and would automatically loosen the so-far reluctant purse strings. It would give our cause nation-wide publicity and our arguments much added weight.

Think for a moment what it would mean for a statement by our National Director carrying our ideals to the public appearing side by side with a statement by Owsley—which he would be forced to make either before or after the conference—carrying the sordid, hollow, and inane arguments he would have to use in support of his position in favor of the bonus. The carrying out of this idea would prove the most effective assault possible at this time and would tend to immeasurably strengthen our own forces.

If the invitation is accepted by the smaller organizations and not by the two larger ones we would call it off, as the purpose of the conference manifestly could not be accomplished without them.

If the major organizations accept the invitation we will have won a signal victory, because by accepting the invitation to confer as to the best means of taking a fair poll they, at the same time, accept, in principle, our contention that Congress should await veteran expression before acting, and delay, above all things else, is what we want.

As for actually taking a poll of all veterans under such conditions as we could fairly impose as necessary to an honest result you may be sure the Legion would not concur. The result would be the dissolving of the conference with the onus on the Legion, and we still riding in the driver's seat, ever fighting for the poll, but an honest poll. If handled as suggested herein there is no possible chance for anything but the best of it for us.

AND right at this juncture, with everything primed for a heads-we-win-and-tails-you-lose coup, a cruel thing happened, and Major Buck and the League haven't got over it yet.

A newspaper reporter got hold of this precious memorandum. Major Buck worked hard to keep it out of print—that much can be said for him. He worked all night, but to no avail, so far as the New York Tribune was concerned. It published the memorandum and showed the thing up as the cheap sharper's trick that it aspired to be.

There was consternation in League circles, naturally. The poll was abandoned, but not so "gracefully" as clever Major Buck had hoped for. There were hurried and serious consultations among the distinguished gentlemen whose names adorn the League's expensive stationery. Result: A change in the aspect of that stationery. The name of Major Richard S. Buck no longer appears as national director. He seems to have been gracefully retired. In his stead we have a "national president," one Captain Knowlton Durham. Sergeant Allen, whose name appeared as Major Buck's collaborator on the famous memo, has taken the title of "executive director."

The misfortune of being caught at this piece of business gave the League quite a set-back, and ten dollar contributors thus far have failed to evince much faith in the purified and reorganized body. This, however, does not mean that the League is short of funds; anything but. It should have no trouble

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No Money Down

While other watch dealers are raising their prices, asking you for larger monthly payments, and making payment terms harder for you to meet, we are offering you our new model Santa Fe Special, no advance in price, no money down, easier terms and smaller monthly payments. WE realize the war is over and in order to double our business we MUST give you pre war inducements, better prices, easier terms and smaller payments.

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Adjusted to Positions
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Adjusted to Isochronism
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Thin Model. All Sizes.

Without one penny of advance payment let us place in your hands to see, to examine, in inspect, to admire, to approve, a real masterpiece in watch creation. A Watch which passes the most rigid inspection and measures up to the exacting requirements of the great Santa Fe Railway System, and other great American trunk lines.

Page 12 of Our Watch Book Is of Special Interest to You

Ask for our Watch Book free—then select the Watch you would like to see, either the famous Santa Fe Special or the 6 position Bunn Special, and let us explain our easy payment plan and send the watch express prepaid for you to examine. No Money Down. Remember—No money down—easy payments buys a master timepiece—a 21 Jewel guaranteed for a lifetime at about half the price you pay for a similar watch of other makes. No money down—a wonder offer.

SANTA FE WATCH COMPANY
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A Letter, Post Card or this Coupon Will Bring My Beautiful Free Watch Book

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Please send me your New Watch Book with the understanding that this request does not obligate me in any way.

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Military Model REVOLVER



6 Shot 38 CAL

SWING CYLINDER HAND EJECTOR \$1425

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OTHER SPECIALS Military model automatic just like one used "over there." 32 calibre, 10 shot, extra magazine free, reduced \$8.75 to.

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32 Cal. 5 Shot \$7.95
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Leading hotels want 50,000 trained men and women for big, paying positions this year. Splendid chances for advancement. Secure one of these positions thru the Hotel Course.

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Think of the repair work on thirteen million cars! Engines, electrical systems, batteries, tires, etc. There are not nearly enough trained men to do this work. Graduates of this School (all over the world) are successful, making money in this business, either in good jobs or shops of their own. Age, education, or experience make no difference. You can be successful too, if you will get M. S. A. S. practical training now.

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Here you have wonderful advantages. Visit the great plants, Ford, Cadillac, Packard, Lincoln, Dodge, Hupp, Hudson, Studebaker, many others. These great companies also endorse this school because they know our course trains you right. **Get factory endorsed training at Detroit, the Auto Center. Be Successful!**

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What every young man and
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SMALL FARMS IN WINTERLESS CALIFORNIA. You can work a small farm with less capital investment. And in California you can work outdoors all the year. The State Land Board of California is offering choice twenty-acre farms at Balfico, Merced County, on 36 years time. The Rancho Santa Fe, in San Diego County near the sea, is now being developed into small farm tracts, with ample water for irrigation; climate delightful and ideal surroundings. Very favorable terms for these two propositions and many others equally good. The man of moderate means who wishes to get a home of his own, should investigate California's reasonably priced lands. California is the richest state per capita in U. S. A. Most of this wealth came from the soil. No winter handicaps. Illustrated land folders descriptive of California mailed on request. C. L. Seagraves, General Colonization Agent, Santa Fe Ry., 960 Railway Exchange, Chicago, Ill.

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Sell Madison "Better-Made" Shirts, Pajamas, and Nightshirts direct from our factory to wearer. Nationally advertised. Easy to sell. Exclusive patterns. Exceptional values. No experience or capital required. Large steady income assured. Entirely new proposition. **WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLES.**
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Agents-- Steady Income

Large manufacturer of Handkerchiefs and Dress Goods, etc., wishes representative in each locality. Factory to consumer. Big profits, honest goods. Credit given. Send for particulars. Freeport Mfg. Co., 38 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Power Dependability
Long Life

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO.
PHILADELPHIA
Branches in 17 cities

raising that little matter of \$125,000 any day it needs it. The ten dollar a head campaign was as much to gain the moral support of numbers as anything else. That the League is not troubled financially is indicated on every hand. Among other things which cost money it is conducting a sort of poll of its own—sending out 6,000,000 pamphlets containing "reasons against the bonus" and a return post card on which a person can register his sentiment against compensation, though there is no place where the man who favors this legislation can indicate his choice. Possibly the Leaguers had something of this sort in mind when they wrote about suggesting a poll with strings attached so that the Legion would have to refuse to participate.

So much for Our Nell, whose motto is, "To seek a reward for patriotic service is an act repugnant to the ideals of American citizenship"; so much for her means, her methods and her price. So much for the calibre and the character of the organization big business has sent out with a \$125,000 budget "to beat the bonus" (isn't that worth \$10 to you, Mister Blank?) by trying to make it appear that the whole thing is the innocent and spontaneous expression of veterans themselves who are opposed to this legislation. So much for the outfit which enjoys the indorsement of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, whose president, doing his bit "to beat the bonus," calls at the White House.

Such is the opposition that the Legion, to win, must meet and confound.

Or, I should say, some of the opposition. This session of Congress will witness the crucial test of strength, and big business has more than one card up its sleeve. The National Association of Manufacturers, representing some of the largest of the war contractors who made millions out of the war, has put opposition to adjusted compensation in the place of honor at the top of its winter's legislative program. A general letter has gone out to all members of the association urging them to see their Congressmen and set them right as to the wishes of big business on the compensation issue.

The National Industrial Conference Board, representing thirty-one affiliated industrial groups, a mighty combination which virtually controls the industrial life of the nation, a combination whose profits from the war could scarcely be measured, has thrown its shoulder to the wheel. It has issued a fifty-page pamphlet discussing adjusted compensation and tells what an awful thing the payment of this pledged and promised debt would be to industry, which amassed these fortunes out of the war.

This is the situation the Legion faces as the battle draws nigh. It faces it with confidence, but with a determination to put up the fight of its life. There is no reason to suppose it will neglect to put up such a fight—and by the Legion I mean each one of 11,000-odd local posts; that's where the strength of the Legion is. Such a fight will win, because the American people want this legislation passed and want it passed now, and they are not in a humor to be bamboozled, or to see the men who fought a war in which big business got rich bamboozled any longer by the entrenched financial interests or by their \$10,000 a month retainers.

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Think of it! Men's two winter weight, comfortable wool mixed gray flannel shirts for only \$3.95, and heavy knit wool process yarn slip-on sweater FREE. Why, you would rightfully expect to pay \$4.50 to \$5.00 for the two shirts alone. They are roomily made, with buttoned down flaps. Ideal shirts for work or semi-dress. All sizes. And don't forget, sweater FREE. We are making this amazing offer just to introduce our new catalog to thousands of readers of this magazine. **SEND NO MONEY.** Send your name, address and size wanted, pay postman \$3.95 plus postage on delivery; and understand, if not delightfully surprised, send them back and we refund your money by next mail. But act quick before this offer is withdrawn.
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You Can See Them Fire

Just lift the hood and look. See instantly which cylinders are "dead." No guessing. No testing. Cost no more than ordinary plugs. Sure fire. Extra durable. Sold only by "Paul Men". Agents amassing all earnings records. Exclusive territory. Write quick.
THE PAUL RUBBER CO. (15)
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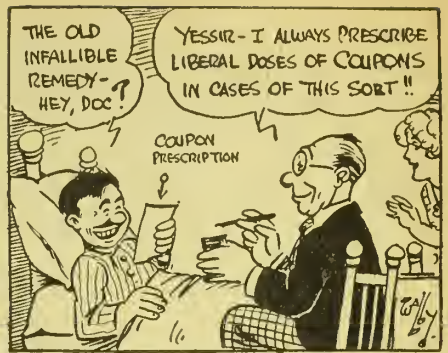
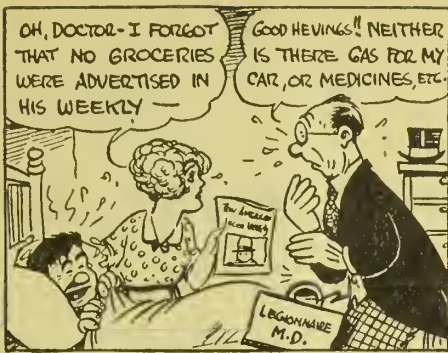
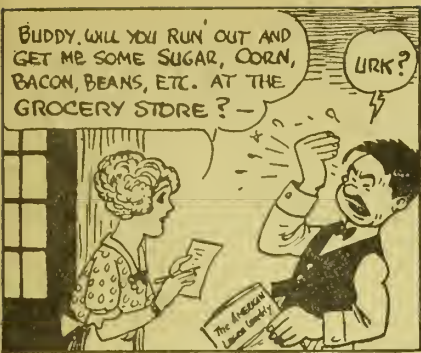
You can complete this simplified High School Course at home in two years. Meets all requirements for entrance to college and the leading professions. This and thirty-six other practical courses are described in our Free Bulletin. Send for it TODAY.
AMERICAN SCHOOL
Dept. H-88-A Drexel Av. & 54th St. © A.S. 1923 CHICAGO

PATENTS

As one of the oldest patent firms in America we give inventors at lowest consistent charge, a service noted for results, evidenced by many well known Patents of extraordinary value. **Book, Patent-Sense, free.**
Lacey & Lacey, 643 F St., Wash., D.C. Estab. 1889.

Entertainment Committees of Live Legion Posts and Auxiliary Units

Interested in raising funds for their Post will receive a Message of Interest by writing
SERVICE MAN
HOOKER-HOWE COSTUME COMPANY
46-52 Main St. (Box 705) Haverhill, Massachusetts
We also have a proposition of interest for wide awake Legionnaires and Auxiliary members who can act as our representative in spare time.



Grocer Dealers Take a Hand

Grocer dealers are now sitting in with druggists and accessory dealers on Buddy's co-operating game.

Thus the top-kicker of coupon skirmishers is dealing the coupons to Legionnaires in three lines of business. The object of this game is to see what line will produce the most letters expressing faith in the Weekly as a sales producer for goods carried in stock.

Buddy's most recent setback was a severe shock of 'couponitis', brought about when Mrs. Buddy demanded that he go to the grocery store around the corner, owned by a Legionnaire, and bring home the groceries.

He keeled over quickly. And when the Stave Hero started to explain his ailment to the physician called in, a Legionnaire, the ex-pill juggler nearly died a brodie down the stairways. Right along he had been sending patients to drugstores to buy goods not advertised in our Weekly. Not so good.

And not so good either when the two vets got talking it over and wondering if the cuckoo around the corner who sold them gas and oil knew that it wasn't advertised in the A. L. W.

While these two heroes are talking matters over, we'll get down to business.

There was one bugle call in the service that was never misunderstood, misinterpreted, or misapplied. The old slum notes meant eat, whether a bird had a bayonet half way into a sawdust dummy, or whether he was just getting

ready to heave a pair of alley golf balls over a blanket decorated with hands and greenbacks.

But manufacturers of many lines carried in a grocery store evidently think that the echoes of slum calls, like the echoes of Ichabod Crane's voice in his old schoolhouse, still reach the ears of three quarters of a million doughboys and make 'em snap into action like a rook at post one on his first guard duty.

Now we have got to show these national advertisers that no k. p. in his royal, and greasy, robes hands us anything other than abuse for our past actions.

We must produce several thousand letters from Legionnaire grocers naming the goods they handle and specifying the number of comrades they deal with.

With the great co-operator sick in quarters with couponitis, and nothing in our cupboards more than Mother Hubbard found, it's up to us to back up our co-operating delivery wagons and produce the groceries in the form of letters.

Prescribe for Buddy in your own language. Say why you think the Weekly is a fine medium in which to advertise the line you carry.

Tell 'em how the advertising of the Genesee Pure Food Company has made them eat Jello now oftener than they ate prunes over there.

Buddy has staked his reputation on our dealer strength.

He must make good. If he fails, well that bimbo never went after anything he didn't get except three yards of skirmish line and a yard of firing line.

The three-handed battle of co-operation is on.

Draw your own conclusions.

OUR DIRECTORY

These Advertisers support us—Let's reciprocate. And tell them so by saying, when you write—"I saw your ad in

AUTOS & AUTO ACCESSORIES	
VVVV Air Friction Carburetor	18
★ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO.	26
VVVV Liberty Top & Tire	
BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS	
VVVV American Pub. Co.	26
VVVV Nelson Doubleday, Inc.	
VVVV G. & C. Merriman	
VVVV Pathfinder Pub. Co.	
BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES	
VVVV Acorn Brass Mfg. Co.	
VVVV Aircraft Studios	
VVVV Babson Bros.	
VVVV Boyle Lock Co.	23
VVVV Burke Mfg. Co.	24
VVVV Deen Loom Co.	
VVVV Freepart Mfg. Co.	26
VVVV Goodwear, Inc.	
VVVV Holcomb & Hoke Mfg. Co.	24
VVVV Jennings Mfg. Co.	
VVVV Madison Shirt Co.	26
VVVV Albert Mills	
VVVV Monarch Tailoring	25
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VVVV Paul Rubber Co.	23
VVVV Premier Mfg. Co.	
VVVV Queen City Brush & Specialty Co.	
VVVV Santa Fe Railway	23
VVVV Stemo Engineering Co.	
VVVV Taylor Cap Mfgs	22
VVVV M. H. Tyler Mfg. Co.	
CONFECTIONS	
VVVV Bunte Brothers	
ENTERTAINMENT	
VVVV T. S. Denison	22
VVVV E. A. Hock	19
VVVV Hooker Howe Costume Co.	26
VVVV John B. Rogers Producing Co.	
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VVVV International Comm. House	25
VVVV Price Cutting Co.	19
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VVVV The Genesee Pure Food Co.	
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VVVV United Lighting Fixtures	26
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VVVV John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co.	
INVESTMENTS	
VVVV Caldwell & Co.	
VVVV Columbia Mortgage Co.	
VVVV Clarence Hodson & Co.	
VVVV G. L. Miller Bond & Mortgage Co.	19

"BE IT RESOLVED, that with a firm belief in the value of our magazine—THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY—as a national advertising medium; with the realization that due to limited subscription price and constantly increasing cost of production, the improvements which we desire to see in it will only be made possible through increased advertising revenue—and that increased advertising revenue depends primarily upon our support of advertisers in the WEEKLY—we hereby pledge our support and our patronage, as individuals, and as an organization, to those advertisers who use the columns of our official magazine—THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY."

Resolution passed unanimously at the Second National Convention of The American Legion.

JEWELRY, INSIGNIA, MEMORIALS	
VVVV American Legion Emblem Division	
VVVV Burlington Watch Co.	
VVVV Jos. De Roy & Sons	19
VVVV K. Grouse Co.	
VVVV B. Gutter & Sons	
VVVV Vingersoll Watch Co.	22
VVVV Loftis Bros.	
VVVV M. Lyon & Co.	
VVVV Riehwin	
VVVV Royal Diamond & Watch Co.	
VVVV Santa Fe Watch	25
VVVV R. F. Simmons Company	16
VVVV Sterling Diamond & Watch Co.	15
VVVV Studebaker Watch Co.	
VVVV Supreme Jewelry Co.	
VVVV W. L. Sweet, Inc.	23
MEDICINAL	
VVVV Bayer Tablets of Aspirin	
VVVV The Faultless Rubber Co.	
VVVV Mustole Co.	20
MEN'S WEAR	
VVVV Chiffert, Peabody & Co.	
VVVV The Florshim Shoe Co.	
VVVV Fuld & Hatch Knitting Co.	
VVVV Getzoy Jung Co.	
VVVV Hart Schaffner & Marx	
VVVV Holeproof Hosiery Co.	
VVVV International Comm. House	25
VVVV Nu Way Stretch Suspender Co.	
VVVV Elmer Richards	
VVVV Hosiery	
MISCELLANEOUS	
VVVV The Clark Grave Vault Co.	
VVVV Cole & Co.	
VVVV Duane W. Gaylord	
VVVV Earle E. Liederman	
VVVV Laubbers & Bell	
VVVV New Way Laboratories	
VVVV Philo Birt Mfg. Co.	
VVVV Lionel Strongfort	
VVVV J. L. Whiting—J. J. Adams	
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS	
VVVV Buescher Band Instrument Co.	
VVVV G. Conn, Ltd.	
VVVV Mussehl & Westphal	

of ADVERTISERS

OUR AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY." Or tell the same thing to the salesman or dealer from whom you buy their products.

PATENT ATTORNEYS	
★VVLacey & Lacey	26
VE. E. Stevens, Jr.	
SCHOOLS AND INSTRUCTION	
VVVV American School	26
VVVV Chicago Engineering Works	
F. J. Drake & Co.	
★FRANKLIN INSTITUTE	24
VVVV Hamilton College of Law	
VVVV International Correspondence Schools	
VVVV LaSalle Extension University	
VVVV Michigan State A. I. School	26
VVVV Northwestern School of Taxidermy	
VVVV Patterson Civil Serv. School	21
VVVV V. Pelman Inst.	Back Cover
VVVV Standard Business Training Institute	25
VVVV Sweeney Auto School	
VVVV W. T. Tarnby	20
VVVV Washington School of Art	
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VVVV American Tobacco Co.	
VVVV Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.	15
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VVCoca Cola	
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VVVV The Persolent Co.	
VVVV Standard Laboratories	
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VVVV Abraham Fur Co.	
VVVV Herskovits Fur Co.	19
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VVVV Erie Railroad	
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VVVV Remington Typewriter Co.	
VVVV Shuman Ward Mfg. Co.	
VVVV L. C. Smith & Bro.	23
VVVV Smith Typewriter Sales	
WOMEN'S WEAR	
VVVV Lucille Mardine	25

LET'S PATRONIZE THEY ADVERTISE

LET'S ADVERTISE THEY PATRONIZE

V SERVICE STRIPE—AWARDED ADVERTISERS WITH US REGULARLY FOR OVER SIX MONTHS. THE VV, VVV, VVVV, VVVVV AND VVVVVV STRIPERS ARE INCREASING. NOTICE THE ★. THIS IS THE INSIGNIA FOR THE CROIX DE COUPON, AWARDED WHEN THE SEVENTH SERVICE STRIPE IS DUE.

We do not knowingly accept false or fraudulent advertising, or any advertising of an objectionable nature. See "Our Platform," Issue of December 22, 1922. Readers are requested to report promptly any failure on the part of an advertiser to make good any representation contained in an advertisement in THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY.

Advertising rates: \$3.00 per agate line. Smallest copy accepted, 14 lines (1 inch). THE ADVERTISING MANAGER, 627 West 43d Street, N. Y. City.

A Fighter's Frank Letter

How One Man Smashed Through the Reactions of War

AN ounce of actual experience is worth more than a pound of opinion. During the war, there were more than 200,000 Pelmanists in the trenches in France—the majority taking the course in English, but many studying it in French. Many of these men were getting ready for the return to the struggle of civil life—many others deciding to stay in the service, saw in Pelmanism the chance for quicker promotion.

In our files are thousands of letters from these men—unsolicited testimonials to the value of Pelmanism—and from the list we offer the following vivid, graphic story of one man's success:

"My story goes back a long way to the days when we were waiting in the Argonne for that last push which finished the war and cast forth thousands of men on an unfeeling world.

"I knew of Pelmanism in those days—who, in France, didn't? My dugout mate was a keen Pelmanist, and spent hours over the Little Gray Books. After three doses of your Pelmanism I am now a General—that was my feeling regarding Pelmanism. I scoffed at it. There must be something in it, I thought, but they claim too much.

"Anyway, the day came when George rather carelessly received a furlough. After cursing him for his good luck and packing his kit I sent him down the line and returned to my dugout to magnificent solitude. It was some days later, searching for something, anything, to read, I came across George's Pelman books. I read, lightly at first but gradually my interest grew. From that on I studied keenly. That period of study made a change in me—a change not easy to define. Put bluntly, it gave me the grit to prepare for civil life. I knew the war was finishing. I knew I should have to return to civil work—what, I didn't know, and till then I hadn't much cared. But Pelmanism aroused in me an inordinate ambition to get on; it gathered together my scattered mind, which had been wandering uncontrolled among the shell holes.

"It was months later before I finally cast off the shackles of militarism, but I came out with the Pelman spirit, the Pelman intent, and the push which one gains with self-confidence. I got a job at \$1,750 a year. That was fifteen months ago. To-day I am getting \$6,250 a year.

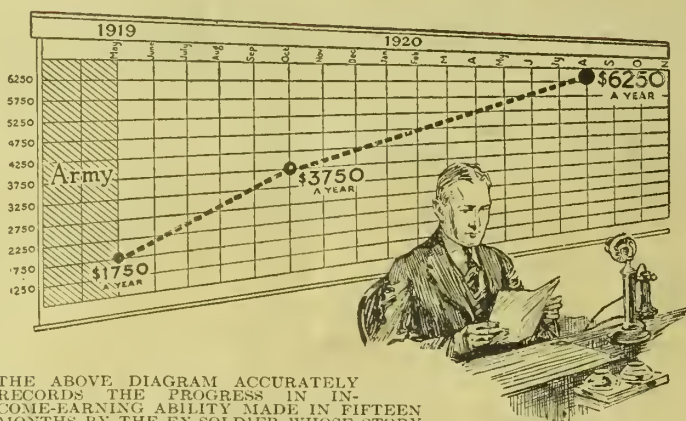
"Recently I saw a statement that the revised Pelman Course is 100 per cent. better than the old. I decided to enroll. I find it is many hundreds per cent. better to me, and for this reason—I am now submitting work sheets—a thing I could not do in the old course. This brings me into touch with the director of studies; his correction, his suggestions, his enthusiastic help, are such as to throw an entirely new light on the reading of the books.

"I mean to keep at it, and with the courage that it gives me, the confidence and the decision, I mean to double my salary in the coming year, or know why."

Most people to-day are living half lives. Their mental engines are running at half speed. They are not making full use of their mental resources. For the majority of people to-day are troubled with all kinds of inertias which are keeping them down below the level to which their natural abilities would otherwise carry them.

To quote a famous Army neurologist: "We are living far below the limits of our possible selves, and there are open to us resources of power which will free us for a life of energy and strength."

In order to become successful we must free our energies from these clogging inertias, open up the reservoirs of power which exist in every brain, and make our minds keen, clear, bright and efficient. You have at your service a method which will enable them to do this. And the best time to begin is Now.



THE ABOVE DIAGRAM ACCURATELY RECORDS THE PROGRESS IN INCOME-EARNING ABILITY MADE IN FIFTEEN MONTHS BY THE EX-SOLDIER WHOSE STORY IS GIVEN BELOW IN HIS OWN WORDS. READERS WISHING TO OBTAIN FULL PARTICULARS OF THE METHOD WHICH LED TO SUCH REMARKABLE RESULTS SHOULD USE THE COUPON PRINTED ON THIS PAGE.

20 Personal Questions

Make a test of your efficiency to-day by answering for yourself the following questions:

1. Are you a first-class organizer
2. Have you directive power
3. Can you originate valuable ideas
4. Are you a logical reasoner
5. Do you remain calm and unflurried when faced with a crisis
6. Can you master difficult subjects easily
7. Have you a strong personality
8. Have you a strong will
9. Are you a persuasive talker
10. Can you convince people who are doubtful or even hostile
11. Do you decide quickly and correctly
12. Can you solve knotty problems easily
13. Do you remember what you read
14. Can you remember details as well as main principles
15. Have you an accurate and ready memory
16. Can you remember dates, statistics, faces, telephone numbers, and long lists of facts
17. Can you concentrate your mind on one thing for a long time
18. Can you work hard without suffering from brain-fag
19. Are you ready to take responsibility
20. Are you earning a larger income than you were a year ago

If you are not satisfied with your answers to these important questions, then use the coupon printed on this page and obtain, free of charge, full particulars of the Pelman Course.

The Pelman Course

The Pelman Course is founded on the experiences of over 650,000 men and women who have trained on Pelman lines. It also embodies the latest discoveries in Business Psychology. Sir William Robertson Nicoll, the editor of the "British Weekly," says:

"Psychology as a science remained largely outside the ken of the average man until the finding of the scientists was linked up with the facts of everyday life by Pelmanism. Pelmanism makes available for practical purposes what the scientific investigator has discovered by years of patient laboratory research."

"For practical purposes." Note this phrase. Pelmanism is essentially practical. It provides a course of mental training which benefits everyone who practices it. Everyone. Scarcely a profession, business, trade or occupation in the world is unrepresented in the long roll of Pelman students.

Defects Banished

Amongst the defects which keep so many men and women back are:

Forgetfulness
Brain-Fag
Inertia
Weakness of Will
Lack of Ideas
Indefiniteness
Timidity
Mind-Wandering
Indecision
Shyness
Lack of System
Procrastination
Slowness
Mental Confusion

Pelmanism banishes these and many other defects. It sweeps them away. It makes your brain keen, fresh, vigilant and reliant. It renews your vigor. It enables you to press on unflinchingly to your goal.

Qualities Developed

Here are some of the qualities Pelmanism develops. They are qualities of the utmost practical value to you, whatever your position in life may be:

—Concentration	—Executive
—Observation	—Self-confidence
—Perception	—Driving Power
—Judgment	—Self-control
—Initiative	—Tact
—Will-power	—Reliability
—Decision	—Salesmanship
—Resourcefulness	—Originality
—Organizing Power	—A Reliable
—Forcefulness	Memory

These are the qualities which make the difference between a leader and a follower, between one who dares and does, and one who weakly drifts through life, between Success and Failure. And these are the qualities you can develop by means of Pelmanism.

How to Become a Pelmanist

"Scientific Mind Training" is a book which throws the searchlight of truth on Pelmanism. Clear, incisive, fascinating, it describes Pelmanism down to the last detail. It shows clearly why and how Pelmanism has positive benefits for all sexes, all classes, all ages, from the boy of 14 to the man or woman at the end of life. It shows how to keep the mind young, keen, active. In its pages will be found the testimony and experience of men and women of every trade and profession, telling how Pelmanism led them to unexpected heights of social, financial and intellectual success. Your copy is ready for you. It is absolutely free. This can be the golden moment of your life. Don't hesitate. Don't put it off. ACT NOW—send for "Scientific Mind Training" to-day. The coupon is your opportunity. Pelman Institute of America, Suite 1011, 2575 Broadway, New York City.

PELMAN INSTITUTE OF AMERICA
Suite 1011, 2575 Broadway, New York.

Please send me, without obligation on my part, your free booklet, "Scientific Mind Training."

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

(All correspondence strictly confidential,
no salesmen will call)